





By A. CONAN DOYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

"There is something amiss with Bartholomew," he cried. "I am frightened. My nerves cannot stand it." He was indeed half-blubbering with fear, and his twitching, feeble face peeping out from the great astrakhan collar the helpless, appealing expression of a terrified child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes in his crisp, firm way.

"Yes, do," pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel equal to giving directions."

We all followed him into the house-keeper's room, which stood upon the left hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down, with a scared look and restless, picking fingers, but the sight of Miss Morstan appeared to have a soothing effect upon her.

"God bless your sweet, calm face!" she cried, with a hysterical sob. "It does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tried this day."

Her companion patted her thin, work-worn hand and murmured a few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the color back into the other's bloodless cheeks.

"Master has locked himself in and will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone, but an hour ago I feared that something was amiss, so I went up and peeped through the keyhole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus. You must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddeus Sholto's teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that I had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his knees were trembling under him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared to me to be mere shapeless smudges of dust upon the cocoanut matting which served as a stair carpet. We walked slowly from step to step, holding the lamp low and shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss Morstan had remained with the frightened house-keeper.

The third flight of stairs ended in a straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian tapestry upon the right of it and three doors upon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his heels, with our long black shadows streaming backward down the corridor. The third door was that which we were seeking. Holmes knocked without receiving any answer and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however, and by a broad and powerful bolt, as we could see when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the hole was not entirely closed. Sherlock bent down to it and instantly rose again with a sharp intake of the breath.

"There is something devilish in this, Watson," said he, more moved than I had ever before seen him. "What do you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me and suspended, as it were, in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face—the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high, shining head, the same circular bristle of red hair, the same bloodless countenance. The features were set, however, in a horrible smile, a fixed and unnatural grin, which in that still and moonlit room was more jarring to the nerves than any scowl or contortion. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I recalled to mind that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins. "This is terrible," I said to Holmes.

"What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and springing against it he put all his weight upon the lock. It creaked and groaned but did not yield. Together we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's chamber.

It appeared to have been fitted up as a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test tubes and retorts. In the corners stood cages of acid in wicker baskets. One of these appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a stream of dark colored liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was heavy with a peculiarly pungent, tarlike odor. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the middle of a litter of lath and plaster, and above them there was an opening in the ceiling large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the steps a long coil of rope was thrown carelessly together.

By the table in a wooden armchair the master of the house was seated all in a heap, with his head sunk upon his left shoulder and that ghastly, inscrutable smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fantastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument—a brown, close-grained stick, with a stone head like a hammer, rudely lashed on with coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note paper, with some words scrawled upon it. Holmes glanced at it and then handed it to me.

"You see," he said, with a significant raising of the eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read with a thrill of horror. "The sign of the four." "In God's name, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," he said, he stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a thorn," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so readily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speck of blood showed where the puncture had been.

"This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he was answered, "it clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely connected case."

"The treasure is gone," he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure. There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it. I was the last person who saw him. I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came down stairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was 10 o'clock. And now he is dead, and the police will be called in, and I shall be suspected of having had a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear, oh, dear! I know I shall go mad!" He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice, and drive down to the station to report the matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return. The little man played in a half stupefied fashion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark."

CHAPTER VI.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete, but we must not err on the side of overconfidence. Simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underlying it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Surely," said he, with something of the air of a clinical professor expounding to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your footprints may not complicate matters. Now to work. In the first place, how did these folks come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window?" He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. "Window is snibbed on the inner side. Framework is solid. No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has mounted by the window. It rained a little last night. Here is the print of a foot in mold upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson. This is really a very pretty demonstration."

I looked at the round, well-defined muddy disks. "This is not a footprint," said I.

"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stump. You see here on the sill is the boot mark—a heavy boot, with a broad, metal heel—and beside it is the mark of the timber toe."

"It is the wooden legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been some one else—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good 60 feet from the ground, and look where I would I could see no foothold nor as much as a crevice in the brickwork.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might swarm up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, untie it from the hook, shut the window, snib it on the inside and get away in the way that he originally came. As a minor point it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood mark, especially toward the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hands."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

"Yes, the ally," repeated Holmes pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country, though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he then?" I reiterated.

"The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I had already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been concealed in the room, as there is no concealment possible. Whence, then, did he come?"

"He came through the hole in the roof," I cried.

"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me, we shall now extend our researches to the room above—the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He mounted the steps, and seizing a rafter with either hand he swung himself up into the garret. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was about ten feet one way and six the other. The floor was formed by rafters, with thin lath and plaster between, so that in walking one had to step from beam to beam. The roof ran to an apex and was evidently the inner shell of the true roof of the house. There was no furniture of any sort, and the accumulated dust of years lay thick upon the floor.

"Here you are, you see," said Sherlock Holmes, putting his hand against the sloping wall. "This is a trapdoor which leads out onto the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself, sloping at a gentle angle. This, then, is the way by which No. 1 entered. Let us see if we can find some other traces of his individuality."

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his gaze my skin was cold under my clothes. The floor was covered thickly

with the prints of a naked foot—clear, well defined, perfectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said in a whisper, "a child has done this horrid thing."

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant. "I was staggered for the moment," he said, "but the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to foresee it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then, as to those footmarks?" I asked eagerly when we had regained the lower room once more.

"My dear Watson, try a little analysis yourself," said he, with a touch of impatience. "You know my methods. Apply them, and it will be instructive to compare results."

"I cannot conceive anything which will cover the facts," I answered.

"It will be clear enough to you soon," he said in an offhand way. "I think that there is nothing else of importance here, but I will look." He whipped out his lens and a tape measure and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long, thin nose only a few inches from the planks and his heady eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bird. So swift, silent and furtive were his movements, like those of a trained bloodhound picking out a scent, that I could not but think what a terrible criminal he would have made had he turned his energy and sagacity against the law instead of exerting them in its defense. As he hunted about he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into a loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he.

"We ought to have very little trouble now. No. 1 has had the misfortune to tread in the creosote. You can see the outline of the edge of his small foot here as the side of this evil smelling mess. The creosote has been cracked, you see, and the shoe has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shire, how far can a specially trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—But, hallo! Here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or 'risus sardonius,' as the old writers called it, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered. "Some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned toward the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now, examine this thorn."

I took it up gingerly and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp and black, with a glazed look near the point, as though some gummy substance had dried upon it. The blunt end had been trimmed and rounded off with a knife.

"Is that an English thorn?" he asked.

"No, it certainly is not."

"With all these data you should be able to draw some just inference. But here are the regulars, so the auxiliary forces may beat a retreat."

As he spoke the steps, which had been coming nearer, sounded loudly on the passage, and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit strode heavily into the room. He was red faced, burly and plethoric, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes, which looked keenly out from between swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform and by the still palpitating Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business," he cried in a muffled, husky voice. "Here's a pretty business. But who are all these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a rabbit warren."

"I think you must recollect me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes quietly.

"Why, of course I do," he wheezed. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you? I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and inferences and effects in the Bishopsgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track, but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come, now, come. Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business, bad business! Stern fact here—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when a message arrived. What'd you think the man did off?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorize over," said Holmes dryly.

"No, no. Still we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

"Fastened, but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was fastened, the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have tied a bit, but then the jewels are missing. Ha, I have a theory! These flashes come upon me at times. Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain. What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man very considerably got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto was with his brother. There was a quarrel. So much we know. The brother is dead, and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed has not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins

to close upon him."

"You are not quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's scalp where you still see the mark. This card, inscribed as you see it, was on the table, and beside it lay this rather curious stone-headed instrument. How does all that fit into your theory?"

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective pompously. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddeus may as well have made the numerous use of it as any other man. The card is some hocus pocus—a blind as like as not. The only question is, How did he depart? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and squeezed through into the garret, and immediately afterward we heard his exulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trapdoor.

"He can find something," remarked Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmings of reason. It n'y a pas des sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit!"

"You see," said Athelney Jones, reappearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trapdoor communicating with the roof, and it is partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed. You did notice it, then?" He seemed a little crestfallen at the discovery. "Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Inspector."

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way. Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

"There, now! Didn't I tell you?" cried the poor little man, throwing out his hands and looking from one to the other of us.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes. "I think that I can engage to clear you of the charge."

"Don't promise too much, Mr. Theorist. Don't promise too much," snapped the detective. "You may find it a harder matter than you think."

"Not only will I clear him, Mr. Jones, but I will make you a free present of the name and description of one of the two people who were in this room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly educated man, small, active, with his right leg off and wearing a wooden stump which is worn away upon the inner side. His left boot has a coarse, square-toed sole, with an iron band round the heel. He is a middle-aged man, much sunburned, and has been a convict. These few indications may be of some assistance to you, coupled with the fact that there is a good deal of skin missing from the palm of his hand. The other man?"

"Ah, the other man?" asked Athelney Jones in a sneering voice, but impressed none the less, as I could easily see, by the precision of the other's manner.

"Is a rather curious person," said Sherlock Holmes, turning upon his heel. "I hope before very long to be able to introduce you to a pair of them. A word with you, Watson."

He led me out to the head of the stairs. "This unexpected occurrence," he said, "has caused us rather to lose sight of the original purpose of our journey."

"I have just been thinking so," I answered.

"It is not right that Miss Morstan should remain in this stricken house."

"No, you must escort her home. She lives with Mrs. Cecil Forrester, in Lower Camberwell, so it is not very far. I will wait for you here if you will drive out again, or perhaps you are too tired?"

"By no means. I won't think I could rest until I saw more of this fantastic business. I have seen something of the rough side of life, but I give you my word that this quick succession of strange surprises tonight has shaken my nerve completely. I should like, however, to see the matter through with you, now that I have got so far."

"Your presence will be of great service to me," he answered. "We shall work the case out independently and leave this fellow Jones to exult over any mare's nest which he may choose to construct. When you have dropped Miss Morstan, I wish you to go on to 3 Pinchin Lane, down near the water's edge, at Lambeth. The third house on the right hand side is a bird-stuffer's. Sherman is the name. You will see a weasel holding a young rabbit in the window. Knock old Sherman up and tell him, with my compliments, that I want Toby at once. You will bring Toby back in the cab with you."

"A dog, I suppose."

"Yes, a queer mongrel, with a most amazing power of scent. I would rather have Toby's help than that of the whole detective force of London."

"I shall bring him, then," said I. "It is I now. I ought to be back before 3 if I can get a fresh horse."

"And I," said Holmes, "shall see what I can learn from Mrs. Bernstone and from the Indian servant, who, Mr. Thaddeus tells me, sleeps in the next garret. Then I shall study the great Jones' methods and listen to his not too delicate sarcasms. Wir sind gewohnt, dass die menschen vornehmen, was sie nicht verstehen. Goethe is always pithy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cattlemen Will Resist.

WICHITA, Kan., April 23.—Information is received here from Woodward, O. T., that the cattlemen are arming their cowboys with Winchester to resist the occupation of the grazing lands of the territory by Dan Wagner of Decatur, Tex., who has leased all the school lands in three or four counties from the territorial government.

A Turfman Suicides.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—George Scattergood, aged 49 years, who has been identified with the trotting turf for a number of years, and who is known by nearly every turfman from Maine to California, has committed suicide in the clubhouse at the old Point Breeze race track.

A Revolt in Argentina.

BUENOS AYRES, April 23.—A revolt is reported to have broken out in Santiago Del Ter Estero, the central province of the Argentine Republic. Señor Lagar, the governor of the province, has fled from the capital. The revolt, which is entirely local, is unimportant.

Followed by a Spanish Warship.

NEW YORK, April 23.—The Pacific mail steamer City of Para, which has arrived from Colon, reports that from midnight Wednesday until daybreak Thursday morning she was followed by a Spanish warship, but not molested.

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The Boxwell law provides that pupils of the country schools may have their tuition paid to any high school in the county by the township board of education, provided the pupils pass a satisfactory examination in the common branches and physical geography before the county school examiners on the first Saturday of April or the first Saturday of May. No examination fee is charged. Only twenty-three persons were in the April class. Certainly more boys and girls could have taken advantage of the provisions of the law had they known it.

Massillon housekeepers who think they know a thing or two should read this: "The bill of fare at Edward Atkinson's Aladdin-oven dinner to members of the cabinet embraces spring lamb, fried chicken, green peas and other vegetables, besides ham, Boston brown bread and baked beans, and Indian pudding. Mr. Atkinson recently gave a party of friends a seven-course dinner, including coffee and oranges, at a cost of thirteen cents a plate. Perhaps his greatest triumph in the way of cheap cooking was the dinner of four courses he furnished some Harvard students at a cost of five and a quarter cents each. It is a pet saying of Mr. Atkinson that the cigars always cost more than the dinner."

Admiral Belknap, in his report on Japan, says: "The annals of Japan for the past thousand years show as much personal valor, strategic ability and heroic incident as can be found in the history of Great Britain or any other European power during that period. Her statesmen and military and naval men of today are proud descendants of men who were trained to all martial pursuits and in the stern school of constant war, ages before the battle of Hastings was fought. The sword, the living soul of the Samurai, excelling in temper, toughness and elasticity the blades of Damascus and Toledo, was never yielded by deference, stronger or more intrepid hands than those of the centuries' trained military class of Japan."

Here is an accurate table of costs of scoured wools, showing what has been accomplished by legislation—

	March 1895	March 1896
Ohio XX	25c	25c
Michigan XX	25c	25c
Average Fine Territory	25c	25c
Medium Territory	25c	25c
Coarse Territory	25c	25c
1/2 Blood Country	25c	25c

Taken in connection with the foregoing, this information taken from Bach, Becker & Co.'s April circular is timely: "The future depends absolutely upon foreign markets. We shall still need American blood wools, the best in the world. We shall still need some strong American Delaine, though European make goods without it which compete successfully with ours. Otherwise American wool depends absolutely upon the fluctuations of the London market."

"The strongest competitors to our fine Territory and Domestic clips are the well-handled South American, Australian and Cape wools, and which, for reason of their being put up free of skirts, bellies, tags and locks, find more favor with manufacturers even at a higher cost, and therefore it behooves the American wool grower to put up his clips with the very best of care, avoiding the use of sisal binder and other heavy and superfluous twine, or the retention on his fleeces of tags and other unmerchantable features."

The editorial published by the Rev. Mr. Phelan, a Catholic rector in St. Louis, and editor of the Western Watchman, on the Christian Endeavor Society, is so impetuous that it will doubtless react upon its author. He says:

"The associations of Christian Endeavor and the Epworth League number over 100,000 young men and women. Every one of them expects, hopes and labors to get married. They are actively engaged in courting when not singing and praying. There is perhaps not one of the young women who has not one or more beaux. Under such circumstances it would be the simple dictate of every-day prudence to keep these people under surveillance. These two associations go off from home thousands of miles, and stay weeks away from the parental roof, with no one to protect them from the wiles of the vicars."

There is much more. The paragraph quoted is the mildest of them all. Perhaps next to the vicious plays and more bad literature to which we are now being treated, nothing is more inimical to good order and virtue than the over-suspicious critics of conduct that cannot of itself be regarded as improper. If the world were disposed to go awry, it has ample opportunity under any circumstances. We are surrounded by dangers to our physical and moral well being from the moment of birth. It is wonderful how many evils we do escape. That the majority of persons are fortunate is due to the placing of pure minds in sound bodies, and not by seeking for the unclean in every breath and every turn of life.

#### DOGHOSTS EXIST?

A Canton minister has preached a sermon vigorously denouncing the belief of many persons in ghosts and similar supernatural manifestations. It is a wise man who dares to affirm or deny in this generation, but perhaps the Rev. Mr. Banalin is a wise man. There are ghosts

and ghosts. The frivolous spectre of State street that lifts its skirts and dances, and the muscular shade that hauled the late Dr. Von Schneider out of his comfortable bed, are not, perhaps, entitled either to serious thought or sermonizing. But strange things do happen. It is all well enough not to be absorbed in the pursuit of the mysterious, but who shall say that the mysterious does not exist? A realist, quoted by Maupassant, expressed his unbelief in the unseen and the unknown to a French monk. "What?" answered the monk. "You doubt because you do not see." Consider the wind, my son. It is one of the greatest forces in nature; it uproots trees, it lays level the cities, and makes waste the plain, yet man has never seen the wind." George William Curtis, in one of his essays, declares that it is one of the human instincts to feel at times a something that may not be explained. This instinct sometimes develops a morbid and unhealthy condition of mind, and it sometimes awakens no other impulse than one of creepiness when ghost stories are swapped before the flickering firelight. But who shall venture the dictum that there are no ghosts?

#### SILVER AND WAGES.

About the only difference between those who demand the free coinage of silver and those who want fiat paper money, pure and simple, is that the silver people are willing to take a slower train to commercial ruin than the latter. In either event the first sufferers would be those who work for wages. Recently Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, who believes that the use of gold in the successful nations of the world, and the use of silver in the oriental countries has involved the former in business depression, offered a prize for the best discussion of the subject. The prize was awarded to George Jamieson, British consul at Shanghai. He mentions:

"As gold has risen in value, the price of commodities in gold countries has steadily fallen. But, though silver has fallen in gold price, the prices of commodities in silver countries have remained nearly unchanged. Rents and taxes, and more particularly wages, are the last to vary with the variation in prices; and hence wages in gold countries, in the United States and England, for example, remaining the same in figures, have practically risen, while wages in the silver countries are still unchanged. The result has been that the Western manufacturer has squeezed out his profits with greater and greater difficulty, and the oriental manufacturer has had an advantage over him."

"If the value of gold," says Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, "is to continue to rise, the ultimate consequence must be the banishment of all our great manufacturing industries from England to find a home in the silver using countries of the East and elsewhere." "Wages in silver countries," says Mr. Jamieson, "have through the appreciation of gold become a hundred per cent. dearer than they were relatively to silver wages," and the manufacturer in the silver standard countries can "obtain his labor at half the cost relatively to gold wages which he formerly paid." Hence, "while old-established industries in England are in many cases barely paying expenses, new and rival industries in the East are springing up broadcast, and, in spite of inexperience and extravagance of management, are paying handsome returns to their owners." The report of the Yokohama chamber of commerce of May, 1894, shows that in 1893 there were 43,700 spindles in Japan; in 1894 there were 600,000.

The New York Sun, reprinting this information, comments as follows:

"Mr. Jamieson's statements and conclusions are alike perfectly simple. The competition of the East has been waked, before its natural hour, perhaps, through the advantages that have been suddenly given to it by the violent rise in the value of the gold money still paid in the West as wages. The growth of oriental industries and the further decay of the already paralyzed manufacturing of the West can only be simultaneously arrested, according to this very clear and patient reasoning, by a square cut in the wages of English and American workmen, which would be accomplished by a change from the use of gold to the use of silver as a standard."

"The silver movement in this country or England has scarcely reached the stage when its advocates are prepared thus boldly to expose its inevitable result, namely, to cut wages in half."

#### ASIATIC COMPETITION.

Matthew Marshall, the New York financial writer, takes up a subject briefly discussed Saturday in THE INDEPENDENT. He thinks that:

"The partial transference of cotton manufacturing from Europe to Asia, which has so alarmed the Manchester mill owners that they are clamoring for the adoption of the silver standard as a means of arresting its further progress, may also be the beginning of an industrial revolution which, for extent and importance, can be compared only to those caused by the discovery of America and the invention of the steam engine. The abundance and the cheapness of human labor in Asiatic countries has long been proverbial, but they have not, until lately, availed to counterbalance the superior energy and skill of European artisans and the greater productivity of European machinery."

"Within a few years, however, the fall of silver, relatively to gold, has greatly reduced the wages paid in the East in silver, as compared with the wages still paid in Europe in gold, or to state the fact in another way, wages in Europe have practically risen, while wages in Asia have remained stationary. The Hindu laborer gets no more rupees than he did twenty years ago, the Chinese no more dollars, the Japanese no more yen, but the European laborer gets as many shillings or francs or marks as he did, and even more, so while the goods the Asiatic makes sell at the same nominal price as European goods of a similar character, they actually cost only about half as much. Hence, cotton mills are springing up in India, China and Japan, which are taking the market away from the mills of Europe, and the same stim-

ulus is bringing into activity works for the production of iron and coal. "Obviously, the way for Europe to meet this competition is either to improve its machinery or to reduce the wages it pays; but the Oriental, now that he has started in the business, can improve his machinery as fast as the European can his, and the only thing left is a reduction of wages. Against the reduction, however, the labor unions of Europe will stand as an immovable barrier so long as the attempt to effect it takes the shape of a reduction in the amount of money paid. If, however, the money itself could be debased by substituting the silver standard for the present gold standard, the wages, though nominally remaining unaltered, would in reality come down to the Asiatic level. It is for this reason that the Manchester cotton spinners are so anxious in their advocacy of what they call bimetalism, but which is really the substitution of the silver for the gold standard."

The Springfield Republican relates this incident:

"A collector of autographs in this city recently wrote to Prof. Dana, of Yale, who has just died, for his autograph with a sentiment, and received the following in reply: 'God is a being of finite power, equal to sustaining and wielding all nature. But not only this: He is a being of active power, actually sustaining and wielding all nature. For power not active is not power; it is 0.'"

#### BURNED TO THE GROUND.

Serious Loss of Mrs. Matthew Wright, North of Town.

The residence of Mrs. Matthew Wright, situated at Forty Corners, about two and one-half miles northwest of this city, was burned to the ground early Sunday morning. The fire was discovered by Peter Berrar and George Myers, who were returning at 1:30 o'clock from a dance. The roof was ablaze and the top story was rapidly being consumed. The young men tried the lower doors and found them all locked. They became alarmed and, bursting one of the doors open, they rushed into the sleeping apartments of Mrs. Wright. There the latter and Sarah Ann Evans, a guest, were found peacefully sleeping, and but for the timely arrival of Berrar and Myers they would surely have been roasted to death. No attempt was made to save the Wright property, but with the aid of the neighbors the surrounding buildings were saved. The fire is said to have originated by a spark from a passing engine falling upon the dry roof and igniting it. The house was in close proximity to the Pennsylvania railroad. The place was owned by Jack Boyd, of East Greenville, and was insured for \$500. The damage will amount to over \$1,000.

#### Sunday Morning Fire.

Hose company No. 1 was called to the residence of Jacob Hering, corner Hill and East Tremont streets, Sunday morning at 10:05 o'clock. The roof of the house had caught fire in some unknown manner, and the flames had gained considerable headway when the firemen arrived. After a few minutes' hard work the fire was gotten under control. While the firemen were working at the Hering fire, an alarm was raised in the corner streets, caused by a blaze on the W. & L. E. trestle over the river just south of the Tremont street crossing. Leaving a force at the Hering residence to finish the work, the firemen started for the second fire, but before the box was reached the flames on the trestle had been extinguished. They then returned to the Hering residence, but the fire was out when they arrived there. The Hering residence was damaged to the extent of about \$25, and is fully covered by insurance. There was no fire in the house at the time, and the origin of the blaze is a mystery.

#### Northern Ohio Crops.

For the week ending April 22, the official crop report for northern Ohio is as follows: "The weather has been generally clear and cool during the week, and frost has occurred nearly every night in some of the counties. Vegetation of all kinds has advanced very slowly and warm rains are generally needed. Wheat has remained nearly as it was a week ago, but has improved slowly in some counties; in others it looks spotted, and on some high ground it is thin. Clover, meadows and pastures have not made much growth as yet. Oats are nearly all sown, and in many counties are coming up nicely. Early potatoes are being planted in most of the counties and, except along the lake in the north-east counties, gardens are being made. Plowing for corn is progressing rapidly as the ground is in excellent condition. Fruit buds are starting very slowly, and have not been injured by the cold, frosty nights. The prospects for peaches in some counties is slightly improved."

#### Somerset.

Farmers are a very busy set of people just now.

Miss Caroline Tschantz, of this place, was recently married to Mr. David C. Springer, of Berne, Ind., and they left for that place on Thursday last, accompanied by the best wishes of their many friends here.

The recent death of Joel Hostetter made it necessary to rent his property for this summer. Fred Badtscher, sr., assisted by his son Fred, will farm the place.

Dr. F. H. H. Pope, of Dalton, will lecture at the Moser school house this evening.

The peach crop is totally destroyed; there is yet prospect for some cherries though; apples unharmed.

The Rev. Chr. Schenck, for a long time a minister at the old church, died on Wednesday last. The interment took place on Saturday and a large concourse of relatives and friends followed him to his last resting place. The funeral services were preached by the Rev. Nussbaum, of this place, and the Rev. David Amstutz, of near Orrville.

If you want a pair of fine boots or shoes, hand made, to order, you can get them at 21 West Main street. Shoes made in all styles, sewed or pegged. Repairing promptly and neatly done. Open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Herman R. Hintz.

Finest line of spring suits and hats in the city at Oppenheimer's.

#### BROWNE LOSES AGAIN.

MESSRS. SEAMAN AND GRAZE ARE DISCHARGED.

The Cerebellum Refuses to Testify—The Court Exercises Clemency and Does Not Fine Him for Contempt—The Defendants Easily Cleared.

Citizen Carl Browne did not leave for Washington Monday night. An urgent engagement with Justice H. B. Sibila, on Tuesday morning, prevented. Mr. Browne went before the Justice Monday afternoon and asked to have the charges filed against Policeman Seaman and Councilman Graze withdrawn.

He said that he would renew the charges at his convenience upon his return. The defendants were not inclined, however, to submit to the imposition of trial at the convenience of the Commonwealth, and hence the occasion for this note written to THE INDEPENDENT last night, after the evening edition was out.

"I will not get off tonight. Those portfoggers for the defense have raised the point that I cannot dismiss the case without their consent and have subpoenaed me to stay, although I have paid the costs and the justice has received the same, and he stated that he would enter it on the docket that I requested the dismissal. So I have sent for Welty to come over. I will not leave until the 1:45 p. m. train Tuesday."

When Justice Sibila called the case Tuesday morning, neither Browne nor his attorney was present. The former appeared about 10 o'clock and set up the claim that he had dismissed the action. He was compelled to take the stand, but refused to testify. Preferring to deal leniently with the man, Justice Sibila did not fine him for contempt. Councilman Paul M. C. Carey, Councilman Graze and Policeman Seaman testified. It was shown that D. C. Burton procured eggs at Mr. Graze's store on the night of March 29, but the defendant was very busy and did not know for what purpose they were secured. Beyond this he had no connection with the alleged egg riot. Policeman Seaman had nothing to do with the affair. He simply went about his business, and saw no disturbance. Justice Sibila then ordered discharged the defendants.

#### 'SQUIRE OBERLIN DEAD.

The Veteran Justice of Tuscarawas Township.

William E. Oberlin, Esq., for twenty-five years justice of the peace in Tuscarawas township, and for twenty years its treasurer, died about 11 o'clock Wednesday night, at his home. A month ago he was disabled by a stroke of paralysis, and on Tuesday a second stroke deprived him of the use of his left side. He failed rapidly from that time. The funeral took place on Sunday morning from the house at 9 o'clock, and from Stand's church at 10 o'clock.

'Squire Oberlin, as he was familiarly known, was born in Tuscarawas township March 9, 1822. In 1852 he married Susan Dugue, and then purchased a small piece of land on which he lived for five years, then moving to the farm on which he died. His four children are Otto E., Albert B., Charles D. and Mrs. W. K. Baird. He was first elected justice of the peace in 1857, and since that time has occupied positions of trust as administrator and executor in countless cases, and was guardian for ten persons. He was a staunch Democrat, a member of the Reformed church, and a thorough going citizen of high character, who always retained the respect and esteem of those who knew him.

#### A VICIOUS DOG.

It Attacks and Nearly Kills Howard Griffith.

Howard, the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Griffith, who reside at the corner of Francis and Green streets, met with a terrible misfortune Monday afternoon at about 4 o'clock. The boy was playing in the yard when he first noticed the dog. Stepping up to the dog he gave him a slight push. The savage brute wheeled around and throwing the boy down fastened his teeth in his right cheek. His face is terribly lacerated and the cheek bone is laid bare. The flesh is torn from the face and he will be disabled for life. The dog, which is of a Newfoundland breed, is very savage, and the boy had been warned repeatedly against playing with it. Some time ago it bit one of the children just above the eye. The Newfoundland has since been killed, and under the care of Dr. J. L. McChie it is hoped that the child will soon recover from the injury.

#### LOCAL BEEF MARKET.

The Prices Advanced Because of Scarcity of Cattle.

Beef is selling at from seven to eighteen cents at present, in Massillon. The latter price is obtained for the choicest short cuts of porter house steak only. In Canton this meat sells for twenty-three cents, so that there is really but little ground for remonstrance on the part of Massillon people. Until several weeks ago beef was selling at from six to twelve and one-half cents. It is not thought that the price will be increased, but that it has reached its highest point and will soon resume its former price. This scarcity is due to the dearth of beefs in the Chicago market. This has been occasioned by the failure of the corn crop in the Western states.

#### A Hint to Young Men.

Alas, how prevalent are those dread diseases which make men prematurely aged, pale, listless, low spirited, languid, easily tired, forgetful and incapable: fill mad houses and swell the lists of suicides; separate husbands and wives; bring untold suffering to millions, even unto the third and fourth generation.

A complete and scientific treatise on these ailments, prepared by an association of medical men who have had vast experience in their treatment and great success in their cure, will be mailed in plain sealed envelope, secure from observation, to any sufferer sending ten cents (the cost of postage), enclosed with this notice to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 668 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Five acres of good land, the Wm. Everett homestead. Good water and fruit. In Sugar Creek township, near Elton. Will be sold May 15.

#### THE DAILY DIVORCE CASE.

Court House and County Notes—He Objects to a Switch.

CANTON, April 22.—Sarah A. Meyer has applied for a divorce from Amel Meyer. The two were married in Canton in February, 1893. Since that time it is alleged that Mr. Meyer has been guilty of gross neglect and has failed to provide suitable clothing for his wife and child. He is also charged with extreme cruelty. It is set up in the petition that he has struck the plaintiff and has threatened to shoot her. In May, 1894, Mrs. Meyer claims that her husband dealt her a blow in the face that caused blood to flow from her mouth and nose, and in April, 1895, the defendant drew a revolver, threatened to shoot her, and knocked her down. Mr. Meyer is in possession of some property, and Mrs. Meyer desires that he be enjoined from mortgaging or disposing of it. She also wishes the custody of their child and reasonable alimony. Welty & Taylor are the plaintiff's attorneys.

Frank Manist and Katharine B. Isler began an action today against the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railway Company, asking for an injunction preventing the company from placing a switch in front of their premises.

George Herman has brought suit against Susan L. Smith and Jacob W. Smith to recover payment of a promissory note given in the sum of \$500. The note is secured by a mortgage on a lot in the city of Canton. The plaintiff desires this lot sold and the proceeds applied to the payment of the above judgment.

A like action has been commenced by Felix Hirscheimer against Joseph and Amanda Ecker. The sum involved is \$330.

#### PROBATE COURT.

In the estate of Frank C. Meyer and Joseph A. Meyer, of Canton, an inventory and appraisement has been filed.

A petition to sell real estate was filed today in the estate of Cornelius Weinschenker, of Canton township.

The guardians of Josiah Keyser, of Marlboro township, and of the Kill heirs, of Plain township, have filed final accounts.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Wm. W. Reed and Lizzie Weaver, of Robertsville; Ira A. Kissinger and Ella Miller, of Middlebranch; Ernest Bleich and Kate Balzer, of Canton.

#### ASKING FOR A RECEIVER.

A Canton Concern in Trouble—A Child Drowned in the Nimschillen.

CANTON, May 23.—An application for the appointment of a receiver of the property of the Canton Novelty Wire Company was filed in court this morning. In this firm Anton W. Walzer and Casper J. Falla are partners. The petition was filed at the instance of Anton Walzer. He alleges that he lived up to his agreement and worked for the interests of the corporation, but claims that his partner, Mr. Falla, has not. Mr. Falla, it is alleged, never rendered an account of his expenses while on the road, but at times deducted sums, and while traveling Mr. Falla has sold goods for other firms and charged the entire expenses to the Canton Novelty Wire Company. The assets of the company consist of machinery and stock, and \$2,400 of good accounts are due. Mr. Walzer further avers that considerable of the firm's money is deposited in the defendant's name and is in danger of being lost, thus allowing the creditors to suffer.

#### A LITTLE BOY DROWNED.

Freddie, the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Feulice, was drowned in Nimschillen creek on Monday evening. The child was playing near the stream when the bank caved in, carrying the baby with it. The Feulices reside at the south end of Cherry street and near the creek.

#### THE CYCLONE ESCAPES.

"Cyclone" Sweeney, who was sentenced to the workhouse for ninety days for participating in a prize fight, managed to escape from the guards on Monday evening. Sweeney turned his striped suit wrong side out and thus escaped detection. He has not yet been recaptured.

#### PROBATE COURT.

A final account has been filed in the estate of Ellis Hazen, of Lexington township.

David Biler, of Marlboro township, has been adjudged insane.

In the estate of J. H. McLain, of Massillon, a supplemental account has been filed. An application to sell the stock of the J. H. McLain Company has also been filed and continued for hearing until April 29 at 1 o'clock p. m.

A public sale of real estate has been ordered in the estate of Catharine McCollum, of Waynesburg.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Philip A. Ries and Henrietta A. Mathe, of Canal Fulton, and Roscoe A. Van No-tran and Allie A. Brunny, of Massillon.

#### Court House and Canton.

CANTON, April 24.—Hattie Singer, of Canton, has filed a petition for divorce from her husband, Frank Singer.

Wm. J. Mathie began suit today against B. F. and G. W. Shull, Edward Moul, Wm. Wertz and the Central Savings bank, of Canton. The action was brought about to collect a promissory note given by the Shulls in the sum of \$1,000. The plaintiff claims that Wm. Wertz has deposited \$1,800 in savings bank, and \$1,370 of this sum was paid to him by Edward Moul. Mr. Mathie requests the court to enjoin Mr. Wertz from disposing of or transferring the money, and prays for judgment in the amount of his claim.

"Cyclone" Sweeney, the pugilist who escaped from the workhouse guards on Monday afternoon, is still at large, though strenuous efforts are being made to effect his capture.

The will of Alexander Miller, sr., of North Lawrence, has been filed for probate.

Final accounts have been filed in the estate of Benjamin L. Miller, of Nimschillen township, and in the assignment of James A. Mahaffey, of Canton.

Marriage licenses have been granted to P. H. Carroll and Elizabeth Bamberger, of Massillon; Samuel Goertzen and Mary Classen, of Canton.

CHEW AND SMOKE MAIL POUCH THE PUREST THE BEST  
PURE HARMLESS SATISFYING  
NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

THIS IS A PROBLEM.  
A Local Mathematician Asks for a Solution.

A resident mathematician, who thinks the figure puzzles now before the public are not difficult enough, offers this one: There is a number containing six figures whose sum is 31; the first figure is equal to twice the last; the second and fifth are the same, and the sum of the third and fourth is one less than the sum of the first and second. What is the number?

#### THE NEWS OF NEWMAN.

All Sorts of Happenings Reported From the Hill.

NEWMAN, O., April 24.—Mrs. Thos. H. Currie and Mrs. David Naysmith, of Canton, visited relatives and friends here on Thursday of last week.

George Williams, our genial assessor, is going his rounds hunting up dogs and seeing how much you have increased your wealth during the past year.

Mrs. John Smith and son Clarence, of West Brookfield, visited her son Will and wife at this place last week.

Jabez Thomas and Aaron Roderick, of Navarre, were seen circulating among their Newman friends on Sunday.

Mrs. John Street returned to her home in New Philadelphia on Saturday after spending the week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Findler.

E. G. Willison and son Jamie made our village a business call last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stanford and family visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Jennie Reese and family.

Miss Jennie Kirt, for the past two years teacher of our primary school, and one of Canal Fulton's most accomplished young ladies, visited several days the past week with her friend, Miss Maggie Findler.

We notice that the Hon. John Thomas, the Navarre statesman, is to have some opposition for the Republican nomination for state senator in the Stark-Carroll district, in the person of his late colleague in the house W. H. Rowlen, who enjoys the distinction of a double title, that of "Hon." in Stark county, and that of "Prof." in Carroll county. It is rumored that he has a fair chance of securing the Carroll county delegation, it being his former home.

THE INDEPENDENT is inclined to believe that we ought to "call down" Citizen McBride and not the newspaper man who writes the reminiscence of the mining trouble of 1870. The reminiscence referred to was so colored in every particular that we were inclined to believe that it was written without the consent or even knowledge of Mr. McBride, and if he is guilty of dictating it as indicated by THE INDEPENDENT, we have no hesitancy in branding it a spurious article, and will abide by the results.

At our recent township board of education meeting we notice they have discarded the Wentworth arithmetic for the White's Complete, and that they have also reduced our school year to seven months. The expense for the latter was to curtail expenses, thereby robbing the children of at least one month's schooling in the coming year, which is a shame and a disgrace to a township like Lawrence. The record shows but two opposing votes, those of Mr. Dehoff, of this district, and Mr. Evans, of North Lawrence. Gentlemen, just think of it, seven months' schooling out of twelve at this enlightened age? Something wrong!

The frame building owned by John Boyd, at the "Corners," was destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. We are informed that the loss is partially covered by insurance. The neighbors did noble work in saving the home of J. Olra Clark, adjoining the burning building.

Jasper L. Green has secured the services of Mordecai Davis to open up the new coal mine for the Forrest Coal Co., on the Miller farm, near Sippo. It will be a shaft eighty-four feet deep. Mr. Green has made a good selection for foreman.

T. Harvey Smith has been appointed on the West Point examining board for this district, by Congressman Taylor.

#### Sleepless Nights.

Who, but those who have had the unhappy experience, can tell the horrors or appreciate the unhappiness of sleeplessness? The damnable hatred of all the demons in hell for mankind must surely be appeased by the consciousness of such human suffering. The long, dreary, unhappy hours, who can describe them and why is it necessary? If you have ever been troubled you know what they are, and if you have been spared you have no interest in the knowledge of such suffering.

Mrs. A. Bateham, Romulus, Mich., after describing her suffering from sleeplessness extending over a period of eight years, receiving at times only about twelve hours sleep in a week, writes of Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer as follows: "I began taking it in common doses and the first night I slept eight hours and had a nap the next day. Every night since I have slept eight or ten hours. Oh, how thankful I am for having had Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer brought to my notice and for the benefit received from it. Stop and think! eight years of sleeplessness and enred in one day. Does it not seem like a miracle?" This medicine is equally as effective in curing nervous prostration, spasms, fits, sleeplessness, mental depression, exhausted vitality, despondency, sexual and general debility. For sale by Ph. Morgenthaler, Z. T. Baltzly and F. E. Seaman.

#### For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Be Your Own Doctor.  
For one dollar get a bottle of Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. It will last for three months and is absolutely guaranteed by your druggist.

Doctors say the only way to cure catarrh and hay fever is by inhalation. We have worked for years to accomplish a good simple method for inhaling medicine, and offer Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure, which is used by this new method, to the public, and guarantee it to cure any case, no matter of how long standing. One bottle is all you need to accomplish a cure. It will last you three months. Ask your druggist or address THE MAYERS DRUG CO.

#### SPEECH RESTORED.

For five years I suffered with pain and discharge of the throat, hacking cough, frontal headache, weak eyes, etc., at times; could not talk above a whisper; lost weight continually, and not able to be at work. I was treated by the best physicians in the country, but received no relief. After giving up all hopes I was recommended to use a bottle of Mayers' Magic Catarrh Cure. After using it for four weeks my speech was restored. All symptoms of catarrh have disappeared and "I feel like a different person."

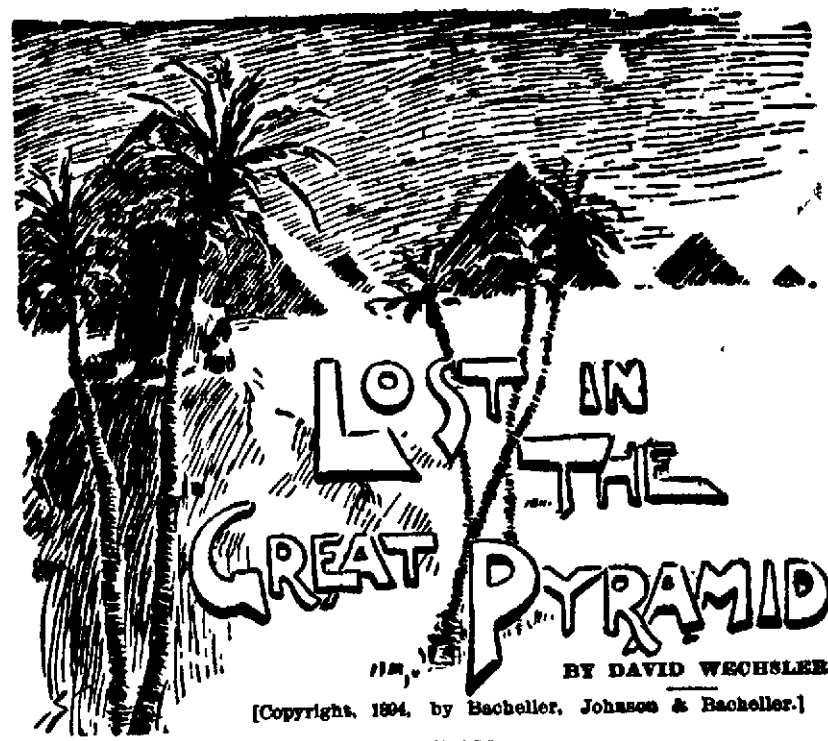
Mrs. ELIAS HANDWERK, Elk Lick, Somerset Co., Pa.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspapers miss more than they presume. Jonathan Kenison, of Bolan, Worth county, Ia., who had been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders, read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: "A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and said they were so bad he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me, he got a bottle and it cured them up in a week. 50 cent bottles for sale by Ph. Morgenthaler."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.  
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chiblain, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

Great Triumph.  
Instant relief experienced and a permanent





(Copyright, 1904, by Scheller, Johnson & Scheller.)

THE winter of 189—was memorable on a count of many things; but to me it was chiefly remarkable for having given me my young bride.

We were spending our honeymoon in the lotus-eating land, and had taken up our quarters at that admirable hostelry known as "Mena House," which stands at the foot of the plateau where the great pyramids of Gizeh are so majestically enthroned. It was in truth a halcyon time, to be marked in our memories with the whitest of stones.

One slight drawback there was certainly, but it was a mere crumple in our rose leaf. The bedouins would never leave us alone. Wherever we went they insisted on accompanying us; it was impossible to get rid of them, but they were withal so polite and good tempered that we could not find it in our hearts to be angry. The only way to avoid the pests was to carry out our wanderings by moonlight. The Arabs believe firmly that "El-Ahrim" are haunted, and will not on any account venture near the ruins after nightfall. In this way we had the whole place to ourselves but that, for us, was ample society. We revelled in our freedom, and soon became thoroughly acquainted with the entire plateau from the sphinx on the south to the dilapidated temple on the northern verge.

One lovely night, before the moon was quite full, my wife proposed a visit to the interior of the great pyramid; and having procured candles we clam-

we were, inside a narrow, confined space amidst total darkness, it was simply appalling!

Shrinking toward each other we listened intently, not knowing what to do, for the noise, however caused, seemed to come from a direction between where we were and the door of the chamber. At last it ceased, and although half dead with a mixture of awe and terror we were obliged to muster up enough courage to try to find our way out. Gradually we crept along hand in hand, feeling the smooth surface of the wall with our disengaged hands as we went. The chamber is not spacious, but our progress was necessarily very slow, and after what appeared to be an interminable time, I actually stumbled up against an obstacle.

What could it be? Stooping, I tried to make out by sense of touch what it was that impeded our progress. At very slight investigation satisfied me. There could be no doubt that this barrier in our way was the sarcophagus. We must have made the entire circuit of the chamber without finding the door!

Concluding we had missed the entrance through some stupid mistake or other we set out afresh, tracing with the utmost care every inch of the polished wall. Again the distance seemed interminable, and again we accomplished the round of the accursed place, and found ourselves back at the original starting point.

It was a most astounding thing. Either the door had vanished or we were losing our senses. The silence

been unable to find the entrance was plain. The cyclopean mass of stone forming the lintel of the doorway had descended bodily, thus completely blocking up the passage, which it fitted with mathematical accuracy. It was from the gap thereby created on a higher level that the light was shining, the lower edge of the new aperture being about eight or nine feet above the floor of the chamber.

The opening disclosed in this wonderful manner was the commencement of a tunnel, or shaft, extending at an acute angle upwards into the body of the pyramid. It was rectangular in form, and in other respects bore a general resemblance to the passage by which we had entered, save that it seemed to be loftier.

The question now was—should we attempt to escape along this new road; or should we wait where we were, and trust to the return of the lintel to its proper place?

The light now began to fade away in the same gradual manner it had arisen, and it became painfully evident that we should be again plunged in darkness. Any fate would be preferable to the frightful sensation of being hermetically shut in amidst an intense and stifling blackness to which the darkest night outside would be the bright clearness of noon.

Taking our courage in both hands we resolved to make an attempt to es-



LOST IN ASTONISHMENT, WE GAZED AT EACH OTHER.

cape. I seized hold of Annette round the waist, and swung her form up until she was able to scramble on to the ledge of the opening. With her assistance I had then no difficulty in climbing up myself, and as we were both pretty active we contrived to establish ourselves in the mouth of the gallery down which the pale green light was now but faintly streaming.

The sloping floor was so smooth and steep that we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees in order to make any progress. In this way we clambered along for fully fifty yards, with much labor and weariness; slipping back every now and again, and more than once narrowly escaping a glissade into the hateful chamber. It was a fearful task, but at length we reached the top, and found that the gallery debouched at a spacious hall where everything was brilliantly illuminated in a most peculiar manner by means of appliances which for want of a better term must be called reflectors.

The whole of the upper part, or ceiling, of this marvelous room presented a most extraordinary appearance, being honeycombed—so to speak—by a vast array of hollow cones, each cone ending in a small aperture, or skylight, through which the beams of the moon, or the rays of the stars, were shining with a hundredfold their normal power. The apices of these cones must have consisted of some magnifying material, and the sides were lined with a kind of material that multiplied to an enormous extent their power of transmitting light. The entire series was so skillfully arranged that the combined pencils impinged on one spot, where there was a most singular and complicated apparatus for their reception.

In front of the mouth of the gallery stood a manifold frame, almost completely filling the opening, which, however, was scooped out on one side, thus enabling us, breathless as we were from our climb, to creep through. This frame was in truth an extraordinary structure. It was fitted with an infinite multitude of lenses and other transparent appliances, the like of which I had never seen before. I very much regret that I cannot give a better and more detailed description of this piece of work, which to my mind affords conclusive proof that the ancient Egyptians were the possessors of a long since vanished lore. The reader will shortly be able to see why it is that any account of these marvels is so vague.

Whilst I was in the act of making my way past this frame the never-to-be-forgotten grinding sound again met my ears, coming from below in the direction of the chamber we had just quitted. I at once turned and looked down, but could see nothing. The track we so painfully had traversed was now as dark as Erebus. It was manifest that our retreat was cut off; the ponderous lintel had risen to its original position.

Had we waited patiently in the chamber it would no doubt have been possible to make our way out in the usual manner, but it was too late to think of that now. There was no course open but to go on, so I said nothing about our terrible mistake to my wife, who had not noticed the noise, being in front and absorbed by the spectacle before her.

As regards the modus operandi of the wondrous mechanism by means of which the passage was opened and closed, I can only offer my opinion, arrived at after much subsequent reflection on the subject. In some incomprehensible way the moon's rays, intensified or otherwise affected by the lenses, are able to act on some hidden machinery—probably hydraulic—to such an extent that the huge block of stone is wont to fall and rise periodically at certain seasons, dependent on the lunar phases. Of course this is mere surmise, but it seems to be the simplest way of accounting for the

phenomena we witnessed. I am thoroughly convinced in my own mind that it was the lens-frame that governed the movement of the gigantic operculum, and I deeply regret that while we were crawling up the gallery I did not observe the construction of the walls more attentively, especially at the lower end, and also along the whole extent.

I said just now that my wife was entranced at the spectacle that met her view on emerging from behind the lens-frame. It was indeed no wonder that this should be so; and when I followed her, after a few moments, I too, was equally stricken with amazement.

A vast, lofty hall, decorated in a style, and with a degree of richness surpassing anything either of us had ever seen, appeared before us; everything it contained being clearly visible in the brilliant yet soft toned light. It was octagonal in shape, with a curtained recess in one of the sides; the other seven being thickly covered with sculptured figures similar to the temple coverings of upper Egypt, save that the coloring was superb, and as bright as the day it was first laid on. Interspersed in all directions were glittering trophies composed apparently of jewels and precious stones, while in niches and on pedestals were statues exceeding life size, and either made of solid gold and silver, or else thickly covered with layers of the precious metals. To give an adequate idea of the majestic apartment, and all that it contained, would require a volume; it is impossible to do more than indicate in a fragmentary manner some few special points that a hurried examination enabled us to notice.

Rising to our feet we gazed around in wonder, not unmixed with awe, and then slowly advanced in the direction of the recess, pausing at every step to contemplate the astonishing objects that were to be seen on all sides. The hall seemed tenantless, but when we had crossed about one-third of the floor the curtains concealing the recess shook as though stirred by some unseen hand (or by a breeze) that was to

perfect immobility was obviated, and it was only natural that at first we should have thought ourselves in the presence of living beings.

The left hand of the youthful bride of countless summers was hanging near the edge of the couch, and a ring which no doubt had slipped off one of her fingers, was lying on the floor at some distance from the dais. Happening to catch sight of this ancient gem close to my feet I half mechanically picked it up and it in my pocket. It was a sardonyx set in gold, and on the inner surface there was a very clearly cut cartouch.

Having by this time almost got over our supernatural alarm we were naturally anxious to examine the royal mummies more accurately, and for this purpose proceeded to ascend the two or three steps which, I should have said before, separated the recess from the remainder of the hall. These steps were wide and shallow, but otherwise not remarkable. Laid in hand we advanced, when all at once dais and canopy, marble couch and mummies seemed to fly up into the air, and before we could realize what had happened we found ourselves sliding down an inclined plane with frightful rapidity, and in darkness as complete as that we had experienced during our imprisonment in the chamber. The revolving stone on which we simultaneously stepped simply swung back into position, while with ever-increasing momentum we shot down, down, apparently into the very bowels of the earth.

How long the awful slide continued neither of us was ever able to say. The suddenness of the occurrence quite startled us out of our wits, though like drowning people we still retained our mutual clasp. At last the rate of progress began to slacken sensibly; had the initial velocity been maintained, we should inevitably have been dashed to pieces at the bottom. Fortunately, however, the speed became gradually less and less as the acuteness of the declivity diminished, till finally it dwindled down to not more than a



THEIR EYES FIXED UPON US WITH A STERN, INQUIRING LOOK.

few miles an hour. Then suddenly my foot struck against something which seemed to give way before the impact, and the next moment we were lying, comparatively uninjured, but absolutely breathless, on a heap of beautifully soft sand under the star-lit sky.

As may be supposed, a long time elapsed before we came to ourselves after this last fearful experience. What we had gone through before was bad enough, but nothing could stand, or even approach, the awful sensation of falling through darkness, in momentary expectation of being destroyed in some terrible manner.

When we were once more sufficiently collected to look about us with something like composure I found that we had emerged in the temple of the Sphinx. It was almost inconceivable that we could have come all that distance underground, but the incontestable fact remained that we had done so. The great block of stone which yielded so readily to my foot had fallen back into its original position, and was indistinguishable from the rest. It was impossible, therefore, to tell which one it was, though I tried for some time to identify it.

Thus ended this most extraordinary adventure. Sometimes it seems to me like a dream, and the few people to whom we have related it have invariably been politely incredulous. The queen's ring however remains. It is unquestionably a genuine relic of the ancient times, and experts all unite in assigning to it an age that is almost fabulous.

Prof. WILLIAM HARKNESS, of Washington, states the magnitude of the solar system as 5,578,400,000 miles—measuring across the diameter of Neptune's orbit, while the radius of the earth's orbit is 92,797,000 miles, with a possible error either way of 59,700 miles.

First Little Girl—"I heard that your papa is a senator. Is that so?" Second Little Girl (who stutters)—"Why, y-e-y-e-s." First Little Girl—"Oh, you needn't be afraid to speak up. I won't tell."—Good News.

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## STYLISH NEW GOODS.

HANDSOME FABRICS FOR GOWNS AND WRAPS.

Wools With Crepon Effects—A Beautiful Dress of Dark Gray Described—A Dress of Moire Crepon—Dainty Waist and Novelty in Millinery.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, April 16.—As all roads lead to Rome, so to all the new fabrics lead to gowns or wraps, and all the flowers and gossamer straw arrangements lead to millinery. The materials are so very varied this spring that it will be surely fall before they can be adequately described, and then it will be too late. There is one new stuff that I have never seen before, and as it makes up so very prettily I feel in duty bound to mention it. This is a sort of silk warp wool in several shades, with a crepon effect, and yet the surface is perfect;



OUTDOOR SPRING COSTUMES.

smooth. The crinkled effect is obtained by wavy lines of black over the solid color. It is very pleasing and takes any kind of trimming while yet not really needing any. In some cases the ground is changeable, the silk warp being of one color and the wool being of another, like brown and green, or gold and purple, with fine black lines over all. Bronze effects are obtained with old gold and olive green, and over these are blue lines or perhaps bright green ones.

Mohair and brillantines, both plain and figured, have advanced in popular favor until now there is scarcely another material oftener purchased for ordinary use. It comes in all colors, but I think the black, blues and grays are the best liked. They give the best effects. I admired one dress of dark gray. The skirt was lifted on the left side over blue taffeta, which was overlaid with black lace in heavy pattern. With this there was an ivory white cloth cape, quite short and not overfull, but stiffened so that it stood out sharply. Over this were laid slashes of perforated crepon in the same shade, and under the crepon was taffeta of the same shade as that in the underskirt.

Another spring costume attracted my attention. The dress was of moire crepon in a rich dark indigo. The waist was of dark blue taffeta, with fine lines of red and yellow forming a large plaid pattern. Over this was a double cape of corded black silk. The upper portion was very full and plaited to a flat yoke, and on each plait was a close but rich pattern wrought of jet and iridescent blue spangles. The same garniture encircled the bottom. The front was neatly plaited, and there was more of the trimming there and on the yoke.

Some of the prettiest waists shown this week are made of the new soft percale. Percale, as we have always seen it, is rather harsh and stiff to the touch, but now it is produced as soft and delicate as the sea island cottons or the zephyr gingham. A waist of this was gathered very full to a draped belt of the same. There was a shirred yoke collar, with a ruffle of the percale embroidered. The sleeves ended in deep ruffles of the same embroidery. The colors were a frosty blue with minute white dots.

There was a rich algerine striped silk waist, which was very rich and dressy. The waist was laid in broken folds and held in by a self belt. The sleeves had large draped puffs, with the fore part made quite plain. There was a deep pointed yoke of ecru lace, and around the neck were sewed on the band two rows of cream wax pearl beads.

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## THE "MODEL DOSSERY."

A Visit to London's Big Municipal Lodging House.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, April 8.—Yesterday Robert Barr, the editor of The Idler, told me of the Model Dossery, as I sat smoking one of his fragrant wooden pipes in his editorial sanctum, or "shop," as he calls it. He said:

"Kennedy, you ought to go and take in the Model Dossery tonight and write it up for the people at home."

In passing I must say that Barr is a fine type of the western American—hearty, big voiced and sinewy and powerful of frame. He is most hospitable and kind to the young American writing try who drop in on him now and then to confer with him as to the best way of storming the literary fortress of London.

Acting upon his suggestion, I found myself last night at the Model Dossery—a big municipal lodging house capable of accommodating 324 men. It stands off at the back of the Drury Lane theater in a small narrow street, Parker street. Its slang name has been given it by its frequenters. Near by is Covent Garden market, and from this spot, if the wind be in the right direction, you may hear the bells of St. Giles when they ring. You are in the parish of St. Giles, one of the oldest parishes of London.

The lodging house is a rather low, prison looking building with light iron barring across the windows. It was built two years ago by the progressive municipal party here, who evidently believe in giving the hard up Londoner a show. For sixpence a man gets a small room to himself with a clean bed in it, and also has the run and privileges of the establishment for a whole day.

On going in through the door you find yourself in a long, wide hallway. At one end of this to the right is the sitting and reading room; at the other end to the left is the dining and cooking room. Half way up toward the dining room is a grocery shop, presided over by a fair haired English girl with blue eyes, where the men may buy provisions at the lowest rates going in London.

First I took in the sitting room. It is very big and was well filled with men who were lounging and standing about, reading and writing at the tables or smoking or chatting. Several of them were standing, Englishlike, with their backs before an immense coal fire. Up on the wall over the fireplace is a great fresco by Stewart Carmichael representing English working men and women in the act of toiling. The figures in it are life size, and it extends across the whole width of the room. It is a noble, convincing piece of work, full of vigor and imagination, and the artist, a careless whole souled bohemian, did it for nothing, so that the poor, hard up fellows might have something fine to look upon when they came in feeling weary and sad.

On looking at the people around me I could not help thinking of a scene from Dickens' immortal "Pickwick Papers"—I mean the scene in which he pictures the sad lot of those who were held for debt in the Fleet prison. Surely the men I saw here were like to the men he described and circumstanced like them. They were debtors also—debtors to fate and to the social system. Here were men of all sorts, the actor, the artist, the gentleman, the mechanic, the laborer. You heard English spoken vilely, and you heard it spoken perfectly. Here were men who had about them the air of a perfect manner—that air that can never be lost. And here was the poor, uncouth clown whose soul and spirit had been crushed out of him by low, brutalizing labor—that terrible, monotonous drudgery about which lying hypocrites, who never do any of it, say there is a dignity. Aye, they were all here, these men, linked together, made brothers by the tie of poverty.

My heart, my sympathies, went out to these men. I was of them, was at one with them—I who had gone into their midst to earn a piece of bread by writing a description of them.

Various were the conversations that were going on. A navy dressed in a fastidious jacket and corduroy trousers and wearing a pair of heavy hobnailed shoes was telling another of the difficulty of getting a job in London; a weakened, half starved looking clerk was saying that he had been out of work for ten weeks; a beggar was describing the ease with which he could get coppers; a tall, distinguished looking man, who wore shabby genteel clothes and a soiled top hat, was telling a young looking man of the glories of Patti's matchless singing—how he had heard her in the days long gone, those grand old days that were not to come again. And so it went along. The whole thing saddened me.

From there I went into the dining and cooking room. This room is larger yet than the sitting room, and to me it was much more cheerful. Here the men were not going into histories of their troubles or of their pasts. They were either cooking or eating. The cooking range is the biggest I have ever seen. I should judge its dimensions to be fully 15 feet in length, 3½ feet in height and 3½ feet across. At least 80 men may cook their victuals upon it at once. I was told this by a man who was grilling a haddock upon it, and I am sure he didn't overestimate its room giving capacity.

As you enter the door of the dining room there is a small room off to the left in which 324 food safes are kept. In them the men put what is left over from their meals. They are all numbered off, and for sixpence a man gets a key with a brass check attached to it, upon which is the number corresponding to the number of his safe. This sixpence is given back to him when he gives up the key. In the dormitory, a flight above, the rooms are numbered off in the same way.

BART KENNEDY.



IN THE SECRET CHAMBER.

bered up the well-worn track leading to the entrance, and speedily made our way down the sloping shaft to the central chamber. Outside the air was slightly chilly, and the warmth of the great tomb was very agreeable. In spite of the closeness of the air. Sitting ourselves down on the edge of the lidless sarcophagus, we began one of those conversations so dear to young lovers, during which the hours glide away like minutes, or rather when all sense of time is lost.

Our candles were burning brightly and steadily beside us, when suddenly—without the slightest warning—a gust of wind descended from above, and in the twinkling of an eye we were in darkness. The expected transition was startling to a degree. My wife clung to me convulsively, trembling in every limb, and I freely confess I too was not free from that sign of discomposure. Hurriedly I examined all my pockets, one after the other, in a vain search for my match-box. It was not to be found! I must have dropped it somewhere on route.

This was terrible; and I was still carefully examining every receptacle I possessed, when a dull, grinding noise made itself audible through the obscurity. There is something dreadful in a noise that one cannot account for, no matter when or where one hears it. Out in the open a mysterious sound is bad enough, but situated as

now was terrible and the darkness was truly Egyptian—it could be felt! The heavy, close air was so thick and clammy that we could hardly breathe; our hearts were beating at railway speed and the perspiration dripped from every pore. The circumstances were, in sooth, as desperate as they were inexplicable, but since no good could come of sitting still we arose once more and recommenced our search for the vanished opening.

'Twas all in vain! The granite was as smooth and unbroken as though it had been fashioned out of one enormous block. Not a fissure or crack could be found large enough to admit even the point of a knife. Whether we tried from right to left or from left to right the result was still the same; we invariably found ourselves back at the horrible sarcophagus.

At this juncture, while we were resting in a half-dazed state against the border of the fatal sarcophagus, gradually a faint, weird light became apparent above our heads. By degrees the light grew stronger, till finally the whole chamber was filled with a pale green luminousness whereby we were enabled to distinguish each other's features.

Lost in astonishment, we gazed around us and at each other, too deeply amazed for speech; and, as we found out afterwards, uncertain whether we were asleep or awake. The reason we had



## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

### Unconquerable Will and Purpose Revealed.

#### COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

**Begin His Career of Military Glory—General of the Great Soldier Displayed—Four Austrian Armies Beaten in Succession. A New Boundary For France.**

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**X.—FIRST CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.**

Seven days before the marriage of Napoleon he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. His star shone suddenly above the clouds. He tarried with Josephine until the 21st of March, when the honeymoon of the warrior—after twelve brief days of dallying young-husbandhood—broke suddenly; and he set out for the field of glory. His love-letters to Josephine indicate that his nature was deeply stirred by her influence, and that his affection for her was as strong as any other feeling that ever competed with his ambition for the mastery of his life.

To have an independent command of an army, or armies, had long been the prevailing motive with Napoleon. True, many of his current sayings and actions



NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF ARCOLE.

seem inconsistent with the predominant passion. Only a short time before departing on the first Italian campaign he wrote a letter to Bourrienne, then an emigrant at Sens, saying, "Seek out for me a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase it as soon as I can get together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property." Quite insincere and afraid! Indeed, General, "a small piece of land" is the last thing in this world that you wish for; and as to your "retiring" there, your retirement is fixed for another place—that far-off island to which you referred in the last clause of your school exercise at Autun.

Your essay was headed "Possessions des Anglais; you finished thus: "Sainte Helene, petite île." You will find it so!

The military glory of Napoleon properly begins with his first campaign into Italy. The States of that peninsula were about to be made the playthings of great ambitions. Whether the influence of Austria and the coalition should continue predominant from Piedmont to Venice was the question. The existing order in the Italian States and cities favored the Austrian power; but the popular party was in sympathy with Republican France. Bonaparte's mission into Italy was ostensibly for preoccupation and defense; but it meant, out of the nature of things, sharp war and speedy conquest.

Hardly had the campaign in Piedmont begun before the Directory in Paris would send out the veteran Kellerman to be second in command. This might be a compliment to a general-in-chief not yet twenty-seven; but not so to Bonaparte. He at once replied saying that it was indifferent to him (a thing most untrue) whether he should serve in Italy or somewhere else. All he wished—so ran his plaint—was a brief page in history awarded for service to his country. General Kellerman had more experience than he, and knew better how to make war; "but both together we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe." How strongly is here revealed the unconquerable will and self-sufficiency and purpose of Bonaparte to be all or nothing!

Let us scan the field. The coalition against France now embraced Austria, Bavaria, Piedmont, Naples, and England. The smaller States of Germany and Italy were also in the league. For the "protection" of Piedmont and indeed of all Italy, an army of about sixty thousand men, thoroughly equipped and supplied, and commanded by General Beaulieu, one of the ablest and most experienced in Europe, had been sent into Lombardy. Against this power Napoleon's Army of Italy was set, consisting of only thirty-five thousand new men, miserably destitute, and having enthusiasm for its principal resource. With this he must compete for the mastery of states and kingdoms. But the Army of Italy had for a commander a military genius of so audacious a character as to rank its possessor with the two other prime warriors of human history. He had daring, military invention, the power of combination, the discovery of new expedients, sudden adaptation to unforeseen contingencies, courage, ambition, foresight, subtlety, and indeed every quality fit to make him what he was now about to become—the greatest commander of modern times.

At Montenotte, twenty-six miles west of Genoa, Napoleon fought his first field-battle. He attacked the Austrian division of D'Argenteau, and won a victory. Mark you, he fought with a division of the enemy! This was on the 13th of April, only twenty-two days after his departure from Paris. On the 14th he struck the Austrians and Sardin-

ians at Millesimo, ten miles further on, and won another victory. On the next day he came on the enemy at Dego, and added a third. On the 21st, he reached Mondovi, forty-eight miles from Turin, and on the following day attacked and defeated the division of General Colli. In every engagement his blow was like that of a thunderbolt. The disciplined armies of his opponents broke before him.

The king of Sardinia was already beaten. After Mondovi he made overtures of peace. Without pausing, Napoleon advanced on the main Austrian division under Beaulieu. Him he found strongly posted on the Adda, holding the bridge that led into the town of Lodi. Frederic the Redbeard had founded Lodi on the site of the ancient Roman Laus Pompeia. On the 10th of May the Austrians, sixteen thousand strong, were attacked at the bridge of the Adda by six thousand French grenadiers, led by Napoleon and Launes in person. The action was bloody and decisive. The name of Lodi was added to the lengthening column of victories. Two thousand of the French were killed and wounded, and a much larger number of the Austrians. Here Bonaparte, fighting in the ranks, gained his famous title of **LITTLE CORPORAL**, which to the end of human annals will be repeated as his sobriquet.

Five days afterwards the conqueror entered Milan; Lombardy was at his feet. He made levies and requisitions with a freedom only equaled by the audacity of the things accomplished. Naples, Modena and Parma went down before him; and the Pope, becoming petitioner, signed an armistice.

Such was the first passage of the war; and the second was like the first. The coalition was not to yield without further battle. Napoleon made Mantua his next objective. Field-marshal Wurmser, of great fame, a veteran of seventy-two, came swiftly out of the Tyrol with a new Austrian army. Before he could reach the scene of action, Mantua was already besieged by Napoleon. The defense held out until Wurmser's army came on in two divisions, and the French were forced to fall back.

The division of his forces proved fatal to the Austrian commander. Woe to the army that was ever divided in front of Bonaparte! At Lonato, on the 3rd of August, he attacked a division of Wurmser and gained a complete victory; General Augereau was the hero of the day. On the 5th and 6th of August a second battle, on nearly the same field, was fought with still more decisive results; Wurmser was hurled back, and Mantua again besieged.

The enemy soon returned to the onset. At Riveredo, on the 4th of September, the division of Massena defeated the Austrians with great losses. On the 8th, at Bassano, Napoleon routed the main force under Wurmser in person. On the 15th of November was fought the great battle of Arcole where eighteen thousand French, led by Napoleon, Massena and Augereau, triumphed over the Austrians nearly forty thousand strong. The battle was fought in a swampy re-

gion traversed by causeways and difficult bridges. After three days of desperate fighting Wurmser was so disastrously defeated as to end the contest.

After Arcole, Wurmser threw himself into Mantua, and was cooped up. In January, 1797, Austria sent her third army into the field under General Alvincy. This great force proceeded towards Mantua as far as Rivoli, where it was struck by Bonaparte and routed with a loss of about twenty thousand men! At Favorita, on the 16th, the French were again victorious. The ruin of Alvincy's army was complete, and on February 2nd Mantua was surrendered with eighteen thousand prisoners.

Swiftly Napoleon followed up these tremendous successes. A fourth Austrian army, under Archduke Charles, came down from the Tyrol as far as Tagliamento, where on the 16th of March, it was routed by the French. On the 7th of April, an armistice was granted by Napoleon, and on the 18th he made with Austria his provisional treaty of Leoben.

Meanwhile, another coup d'etat had occurred in Paris. By violence the two great Councils of State purged themselves of fifty alleged Royalists and Anarchists. Carnot and Barthelmy, members of the Directory, were sent flying into exile. Such was the savage indignation of the Republic that the coalition became willing for peace. At Campo Formio, on October 17th, 1797, Napoleon met the representatives of the German Empire, and with astounding presumption dictated to that ancient power the terms of pacification. Openly, Austria should cede the Belgian provinces, recognize the Cisalpine Republic, and accept fragments of Venetia. France should have the results of the war, including the Ionian Islands. Secretly, the Rhine should henceforth be the boundary between Germany and France.

Before leaving the scenes of his glory, Napoleon sent Joubert as his herald to Paris. He shall announce for us the following results: The campaign of the Army of Italy has extended from April 12th, 1796, to October 17th, 1797. We have taken 150,000 prisoners; 170 standards; 550 siege pieces; 600 field guns; five pontoon equipages; nine ships of 64 guns; twelve frigates of 32 guns; twelve corvettes; eighteen galleys. We have given "liberty" (whatever that may mean, General!) to Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Carrara, Romagna, Lombardy, Brescia, Bergamo, Mantua, Cremona, part of Verona, Chiavenna, Bormio, the Valtellina, Genoa, the Imperial Fiefs, Corcyra, the Ionian Isles, Ithica. We send to Paris all the Masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Guercino, Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Albani, Carracci, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci. Not all the masterpieces of these immortals, General; but the rest is true to the letter. And by order of the Directory your glories shall be written in golden catalogue on a Memorial Flag to be hung in the great Hall of Sitings, and be seen by shouting Paris and the world. You were never yourself a poor man afterwards!

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

## THE MINIATURE METROPOLIS.

**Birth Scarcely Tapper Sketches Different Types of Restaurants.**  
[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 16.—It has been said that the restaurants of New York are replicas of metropolitan life, and this is true to a certain extent. In no other resorts can one study the various classes so closely, observe their manners and morals, their tastes and appetites, their dress and caprices so minutely. In certain magnificent Fifth avenue cafes, especially after the theater or opera is over, the fashionable world is on exhibition. Lovely women whose fame is international, robed like princesses, are the chief attraction. But there are always railroad kings, Wall street magnates, distinguished authors and shrewd politicians to be seen as well. Now and then some famous actress comes in with two or three swells in her train, the little procession causing a momentary ripple in the essentially elegant assemblage, but as a rule these are the resorts of the beau monde, and the lines are usually drawn around the charmed circle.

Not more than half a dozen blocks away from some of these fashionable restaurants may be seen a very different class of people. In several up town cafes, about midnight, one may see the nearest approach to Parisian life, possibly, in the town. Rustling, perfumed, jeweled and radiant come the cream of society's outlaws—women whose names have figured unpleasantly in sensational divorce cases; songstresses of the Tenderloin, whose sly escapades have been the subject of many a newspaper scandal, all gorgeously attired, prosperous, smiling, seeming to taste only the sunshine and inhale the roses of life. There are lots of respectable women, too, who have begged and cajoled their husbands, brothers or consins into bringing them to these restaurants simply to behold this beauty show. Here, too, you may see a crowd of theatrical people, hurrying in with the makeup scarcely washed from their faces, low comedians, dancers, living pictures.

To see an entirely different class of people, go in some day to a restaurant on West Sixteenth street. Here come in hundreds the breadwinners, the self supporting women of New York. Typewriters, stenographers, journalists, art students, buyers for the big dry goods establishments, private secretaries, cashiers and bookkeepers may all be seen any day in the week, eating a modest luncheon, for which they pay modest prices.

In one of the oldest and stateliest parts of New York is a famous French hotel where all the world mix and dine. It is the most cosmopolitan and democratic cafe in New York. Here you may see almost all types. All the famous foreigners who visit our town are sure to show up there sooner or later. Opera singers, yacht owners, architects, journalists, fashionable people out on a lark, bridal couples and a host of folks

## PICTURESQUE CLOTHING.

**Absurd Exaggerations and Grotesque Extremes the Popular Fads.**

The picturesque is the predominating idea in the most approved costume of the day. Eliminate the absurd exaggerations and the grotesque extremes, and the style now prevailing is as pretty and artistic as one could find in searching costume history from beginning to end.

The plain skirt, profusely trimmed waist, and full sleeves are quaint and stylish. A costume that for general utility it would be difficult to surpass is made of



SATIN BLOUSE.

suiting. The skirt is very full at the hem and narrow at the top. The waist has a deep, round yoke of velvet edged with a fancy galloon. Into this the slightly full waist is gathered, and a pointed belt covers the lower edges. The collar is of galloon, and stands up close about the throat. A hat worn with this suit is of velvet matching that on the dress and is finished at the edge with a cord of gold and silver mixed, and trimmed with a profusion of plumes. From seven to nine plumes are not an unusual number for trimming one hat.

Clear color is the rule of the day. All the muddy and faded tints that once, and that not so long ago, bore the name of red, blue, pink, green or purple have disappeared, and the pure tones have replaced them. Frankness has superseded subtlety, and the symphonies and half tones of aesthetic days are things of the past—at least, just now. It is becoming the fashion to condemn the aesthetic movement, but it should be remembered that that craze—for in weak heads it became one—inaugurated an era of greatly improved taste in dress, decoration and furniture, the previous 20 years or so having been conspicuously lacking in that quality.

An illustration is given of a blouse of French blue satin. It is laid in plaits at the shoulders and waist, over a tight fitting. The neck is cut slightly V shaped, and a narrow pointed yoke of satin at the back forms a sort of collar, edged by a full of lace which is carried over the top of the sleeves to form epaulets. The balloon sleeves reach the elbow. Bows of satin are placed on the shoulders, and the belt is of ribbon.

Shirred nats for very small girls have a tiny ruche underneath the brim in front, and the under the chin with hemmed strings of swiss.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

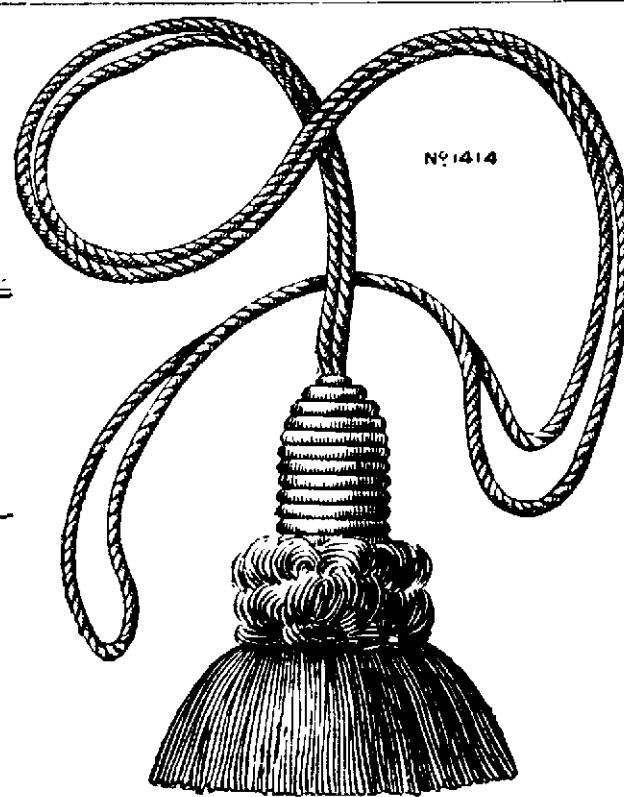
# BAHNEY'S WALL PAPER STORE!

The Spring Styles in Wall Paper are certainly very striking. We have taken great care in selecting papers out of the ordinary, special colorings and designs. We make it a point to have many things that can not be had elsewhere. Prices extremely low.

**ROOM MOULDINGS.**--Designed and colored to match the papers. A full line of plain, cheap mouldings.

**Silk Pulls for Shades are**

**STORE SHADES.**--All colors and widths in stock. Only the best material and rollers used. We furnish first-class workmen and guarantee satisfactory work at reasonable prices.



**WINDOW SHADES.**--Our line of Window Shades and Fixtures is complete, embracing all the leading colors in cloth and linen.

**Quite the Correct Thing!**

**CURTAIN POLES.**--Everything that could be desired in this line, particularly among the one inch trimmings. Brass Rods for Sash Curtains

# BAHNEY'S WALL PAPER STORE, 20 East Main Street.







LIFE OF A LOBSTER.

HOW THE POOR FELLOW STRUGGLES IN CHANGING HIS COAT.

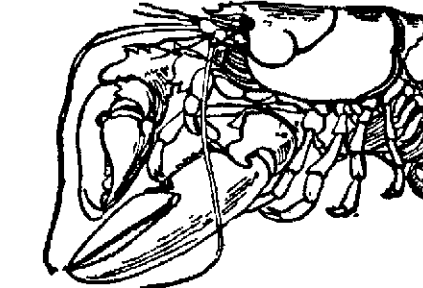
Use of His Tentacles, Tail and Claws. He Sometimes Loses a Claw in a Fight, but Doesn't Mind It Much—Fenchant For Fresh Food.

[Special Correspondence.]

BANGOR, April 16.—So little is known about the lobster and so very erroneous are the popular ideas as to its food, mode of life, etc., that I think a story of the life of a lobster as it is lived on the coast of Maine, the greatest lobster ground in the United States, perhaps in the world, should be interesting as well as valuable to all lovers of this toothsome crustacean. When the eggs are extruded from the female, between the months of April and September, they are already fertilized by the male. They are covered with a viscous secretion, which causes them to stick together, and also to the long, fine hair, or swimmerets, of the abdomen. The number of eggs varies from 1,000 to 20,000, and after they are a few days old the skin of the egg changes, and the young lobster is able to swim.

They are now a prey for many kinds of fishes and do not even hesitate to devour each other. But the carapace, or shell, soon begins to form, and after a very little time the young crustacean finds his way to his natural home at the bottom of some shelving rock. The shell is formed in a very curious manner. It consists of a mucous excretion from the body of the lobster itself and contains a large proportion of calcareous or limy matter. This shell is so inelastic that when the animal grows its covering becomes too small, and the process of exuviation, or shedding the shell, takes place, generally once a year, until the animal is full grown, after which it does not exuviate, so that we sometimes find old lobsters whose shells are covered all over with barnacles.

This process of exchanging the shell is accomplished with great pain and difficulty to the lobster, as the increased limbs have to be drawn from the now too small shells of the claws, legs, etc. When the exuviation begins, the shell of the body of the animal splits down the back to the tail, and the semiliquid flesh is withdrawn from the shell. Then the lobster drags itself for-



A LOBSTER. ward feebly, leaving the shell of the

tail behind. However, so quickly does the process of exuviation go on that the new shell is perfectly formed in a few days, and the lobster leaves his temporary retreat.

The manner in which lobsters move is very ingenious. The legs proper are the only limbs that are used. The tail, claws, etc., are kept motionless and in such a position as to offer the least possible resistance to the water. During this progress the long tentacles are continually moving from side to side, feeling the way and incidentally looking out for enemies or danger. Should danger be apprehended the lobster at once backs with marvelous rapidity, in which operation the tail is used in cases of extreme urgency.

Although everybody who has seen a lobster must have noticed that one claw is larger than the other, few persons know the reason for this disparity of size or the real uses of the claws. Their chief use is for the purpose of capturing and preparing food, but they are also used as instruments of attack and defense.

It has been commonly believed that their food consists of decaying or decomposing bodies of fishes and other animals, but this is entirely erroneous. As a matter of fact, the lobster is very careful in the selection of his food, and unless his usual food is scarce or entirely absent from his locality he never eats anything that is not perfectly sound. The natural food consists of clams, mussels, small oysters and the smaller kinds of shellfish, usually bivalves.

The larger claw takes the place of the molar in the higher animals. With this the lobster grasps the bivalve and crushes it, and then the smaller claw, which is thickly set with incisors, is used for dividing the softer portions of the prey and preparing the food. While the process of crushing the shells and preparing the flesh of the bivalves is going on the little horns on the end of the tail and also those on the thorax show their usefulness by holding the prey or food while the claws are doing the slaughtering and butchering work.

Connected with this use of the claws, and also with reference to their utility in defense and attack, it is highly interesting to observe the remarkable faculty for repairing injuries which is possessed by the lobster. For instance, when a claw is injured, while crushing shells or during a fight, the limb at once snaps off at the second joint, where the diameter is least, and the animal does not seem to suffer the slightest inconvenience from the loss. The limb fills out at the next exuviation, but in the case of a full grown lobster the loss is never supplied.

Lobsters are endowed with a very well developed sense of smell, and for this reason they avoid as much as possible those parts of the bottom where decomposing animal matter lies unless it becomes necessary, through lack of their natural food, to have recourse to that unsavory diet. This sense also enables them to discover the proximity of many of their enemies. ROR F. WALSH.

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

METHODS OF SEEDING.

The Comparative Merits of Broadcasting Versus Seeding With a Drill.

There is a strong suspicion among many practical farmers that the advantages of the grain drill for seeding have been overestimated. American Cultivator believes that the drill simply as a seeder has not the superiority over broadcast seeding that it had when first introduced, and for these reasons: The ground is now, with better implements for cultivation, in much finer tilth than it was formerly the custom to put it. If the ground is poorly prepared, the drill can do the work better than is possible by hand sowing. It will cover the seed and more evenly than it can be covered in any other way. It also has the advantage for winter grain that the seed was deposited in a hollow, with the drill ridge on either side helping to hold the snow over the plant.

Danger of covering seed too deeply is not appreciated as it should be. Drills ought to have even wider tires than are now common, for in going over well fitted seed beds they will sink down too deeply. Rolling with a heavy roller will, to some extent, remedy this evil. For winter grain the roller should be used twice or more, alternating with the drag and finishing with the smoothing harrow. On ground thus prepared the drill wheels, if broad tired, will not sink in deeply, and the tubes may be set to put the seed in at very shallow depth.

This is also good for spring grain, which is nearly always drilled too deeply. It is indispensable with grain that has to pass through winter and spring with the sudden alternations of freezing and thawing lifting the soil up at night and letting it fall when thawed out during the day. Unless the grain roots are horizontal and near the surface they cannot live through such usage. To have the grain roots thus the seed must be covered as lightly as possible for it to grow, says the authority quoted.

The case is cited of a highly successful farmer who discards the drill for oats, but uses it for barley and winter wheat, as with these he considers a dressing of phosphate essential to making a certain crop. The fertilizer is best put in with the seed by a drill. On broadcasted grain the mineral manure does little good. The drill will doubtless have the preference for those who wish to fertilize the crop at the same time the seed is sown. But if no fertilizer is used, and the ground is put in proper condition, the seed can be broadcasted with about as much certainty of a crop as if it were put in with a drill.

Feeding Broilers. Corn alone will not make a good chicken—it is most valuable for its fattening and warming qualities. Wheat

contains the material for bone, feathers, etc., oats for muscle. So we feed corn two parts, wheat one part, oats one part, and we have a fast growing chicken. Feed either of these grains alone and we have all kinds of monstrosities—weak legged, sore eyed, no feathers and every conceivable deformity. Add to these grains a quantity of meat to take the place of insects, which form a part of their natural food. See that they have plenty of sand or gravel. They have no teeth and must have this gravel to grind the feed in the gizzard. Give oyster or clam shell ground or pounded as fine as wheat. Keep by them also powdered charcoal—it prevents the digestive organs from becoming clogged with soured food if they have eaten too much. If all these things are provided for them, the sheds kept clean, occasionally sprinkled with carbolic acid and once a month given a thin coat of whitewash, the chickens should keep in perfect health. But if any signs of roup or other diseases to which they are subject should appear we use a liberal supply of Douglas mixture, which is simply one pound of sulphate of iron (copperas) and an ounce of sulphuric acid dissolved in a gallon of water. Dose, two or three tablespoonfuls to each 100 chickens, in their food or drink, for each day until they are better. The foregoing is from a lecture reported in The Farm Journal.

The Bush Lima Bean. The bush lima bean grew rapidly in favor last year with those who tried it because of its ability to withstand drought, yielding good crops where others failed to be profitable. It is quite as prolific per acre as the large lima because it can be planted much closer, and less expensive to grow because it needs no poles. Thus far it has proved free from rust, which so often reduces the market value of the horticultural and other shell beans, and for family use it is unsurpassed by any, excepting the large lima. Although it looks small, there are not any, if many, varieties that will yield a bushel to a smaller number of hills, or a quart of shelled beans to a smaller basket of pods. In our experience we consider it a decided acquisition, both to the family garden and the market gardener.—American Cultivator

The Vineless Sweet Potato. Practical Farmer speaks of a variety of "vineless" sweet potato suitable for growth in the eastern, northern and northwestern states, with short, chunky vines that, planted at about the usual distance apart for ordinary potatoes, 3 1/2 feet of rows and 1 1/2 feet in the row, yield 150 to 200 bushels per acre and would bear putting much closer and seem to be hardy enough for the northern states. A few years ago it was thought that a sweet potato grown north of the Carolinas was not good. Yet now, according to the authority quoted, the Jersey sweet potato takes higher rank than those grown farther south.

Gleanings From Farm Poultry. Leg weakness is a condition which chicks can easily be brought to both by too strong bottom heat in the brooders and by too much meat. Broilers weigh from 1 1/2 to 2 pounds in weight, and it takes from 12 to 14 weeks to gain that weight. The cross of Plymouth Rock on White Langshan would make good brooding fowls. We know of no breed that will lay more eggs than the Brown Leghorn, unless the new Campines will reduce their record, but that remains to be seen. A Leghorn pullet is pretty well matured at 6 months of age.

If you have well hardened plants of cabbage and cauliflower and want big returns from the same, put them on new ground that has been well manured.

Experiments With Potatoes. In a Kansas station bulletin is given a record of experiments conducted three consecutive years to test the relative value for seed of tubers from the first crop and from the second crop. By early planting of early varieties seed potatoes were secured in July sufficiently matured to produce a second crop in the same season. The second crop was light, the tubers often small, but firm and of fine quality. Second crop potatoes kept until planting time, were sound, firm and nearly free from sprouts, while the ordinary crop became badly sprouted and shriveled. In most cases second crop potatoes used as seed gave a larger yield than seed tubers from the first crop, the increase in 1890 and 1891 averaging 48 1/2 per cent. From second crop seed potatoes the growth of tops was larger and the blooms more abundant. Second crop seed, allowed to become sprouted and soft before planting, yielded only 14 per cent more than ordinary seed potatoes. Flat culture and hill culture gave practically the same yield.

Subsoil Plowing. You can purchase subsoil plows of any implement dealer. There are also attachments made that may be put on ordinary stirring plows. These generally give very good satisfaction.

As to the time of year to do the work, that depends on the soil and other circumstances the same as in ordinary plowing. A correspondent of Farm, Field and Fireside says that it may be done every year or only once in two or three years as circumstances will permit. Subsoil plowing is loosening the subsoil without bringing it to the surface. Where the loosened subsoil is laid on the surface, it is called trench plowing. Subsoiling is probably advisable on a larger variety of soils in this country than is trench plowing. On undrained soils it often is worse than useless, unless in rare cases, where there is a thin layer of compact soil above a porous soil. In heavy clay soils the effects are not permanent. In deep, loose soils the practice may do some good, but not always enough to repay the extra cost.

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**AYER'S**  
THE ONLY  
**Sarsaparilla**  
ADMITTED  
READ RULE XV.  
"Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition."  
Why was Ayer's Sarsaparilla admitted? Because it is not a patent medicine, not a nostrum, nor a secret preparation, not dangerous, not an experiment, and because it is all that a family medicine should be.  
At the  
**WORLD'S FAIR**  
Chicago, 1893.  
Why not get the Best?  
\*\*\*\*\*

Notice of Appointment.  
The undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of John B. Thompson, late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased.  
Dated the 9th day of April, 1895.  
ROBINSON, REINHOLD, Administrator.

**Flavor Your Cake**  
  
and other pastry with  
**SODERS' Flavoring Extracts.**  
Lemon 10 cents, Vanilla 15 cents.  
The best ever made for the money. Oval Bottle, Green Label. Sold everywhere.  
**SODERS' & DEPSIN'S**  
**CELERY & CHEWING GUM**  
—RELIEVES—  
Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Nerve-pains.

**Best Route**  
**Southeast**  
**South**  
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is the  
**Louisville**  
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**Nashville**  
**Railroad**  
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO PROSPECTIVE SETTLERS.  
Full information cheerfully furnished upon application to  
JACKSON SMITH, Div. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.  
C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.

"Gentlemen: Regarding prospects for the coming year, would say, we hope to double our last year's output of Aeromotors, or, at least, we have done so in the past. We have four out of every ten Aeromotors sold in the past year. Since commencing the sale in 1893, we have sold a boat."

**500 AERMOTORS**  
We do not attribute this fairly good record entirely to our efforts, but to the superiority of the goods which we make. Buxton & Davis, Urbana, Ill. February 15, 1895.  
Gentlemen: We bought and put up Aeromotor No. 2, and out of the first fifty which you made we had thirteen. Since that time we have sold about

**400 AERMOTORS**  
In our small territory is represented the history of the Aeromotor and the Aeromotor Company from the beginning to the present hour. That history is one of unbroken triumph. And from the Aeromotor Company in our territory—just enough with which to show the infinite superiority of the Aeromotor in design, finish, all-galvanized, and ability to run when all others stand idle for want of wind. We should have sold more, but this region was well supplied with wind power. Aeromotors have been the battle ground for ten or twelve of the strongest windmill companies all time. Within 50 miles of Urbana, Ill., there has been a contest of the Aeromotor and other windmills. You say you have during the past year surpassed any previous year's record, by you expect to double your output this year. Count on it for our portion in the coming year. The Aeromotor never stood further from the top of the list in reputation and in fact than to-day. Sams & Bancroft, Marion, Ill., February 25, 1895.  
The next Aeromotor ad. will be of pumps. We shall offer for

**\$7.50 a \$15**  
three way force pump. All dealers should have it or can get it to sell at that price. All Aeromotors men will have it. The week following will appear our advertisement of galvanized steel tanks at 2 1/2 cents per gallon. They neither drink, leak, rust, nor make water waste bad. Aeromotor Co., Chicago.

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

That Clothing, Hats, Caps or Furnishings Bought at a Reliable House, an Enterprising House, a Low Price House and where everything is guaranteed, is sure to give satisfaction. The most fastidious person can easily and quickly make an advantageous selection at half the price you formerly paid your tailor. This Spring Stock was purchased from Clothing Manufacturers who lead the world in these particular lines. Some clothes wear shabby quickly; OURS DON'T! even the buttons are are put on in such shape as to last the lifetime of the garment. We claim and can convince anyone that the makes of clothing we handle are the best that skilled workmen can produce, and the material of the best and latest in style, as it has all been selected by the most critical judges in the business. When you buy here you are sure of getting the correct thing and at prices that even competition take off their hats too.

PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

**Ready to Wear Clothing.**  
Men's Good Strong Working suits, sold elsewhere at \$4.50  
**Whitman's Price \$3.00.**

**Men's Good Cassimere**  
or Fancy mixed Suits, sold elsewhere at \$6.00.  
**Whitman's Price \$4.50.**

**Men's Good All-Wool**  
Cheviots or unfinished worsted Suits, colors blue or black, sold elsewhere at \$10.00.  
**Whitman's Price \$8.00.**

**Correctly Made Clothing**  
Men's Business Suits made from all wool Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vicunas, Cheviots, in all colors, made up to the latest demands of fashion, sold elsewhere at \$12 and \$14  
**Whitman's Price \$10.00.**  
Hundreds to select from.

**Men's Dress Suits.**  
Made up in those long, graceful Cutaways, Regent frocks and the New English walking coat (Stein, Bloch Co.'s creation) made in all the newest waves of cloth, correctly tailored and trimmed to perfection. Garments that have grace, style and a finish that places them ahead of any custom work done in the city. By request we have decided to give you your choice of 200 suits  
**At Whitman's Price, \$15.00.**

**Superlative Bargains in Fashionable Furnishings**  
Men's Hats in Alpines, Tourist and Stiff styles. All the latest shapes and newest colors, qualities that hat stores, regular hat stores, places at which they only offer hats for sale, and give you (as they say) \$3.50 qualities for \$2.50. You can buy the same hats, same qualities, same colors and all union made goods at Whitman's at

**Whitman's Price, \$2.25.**

**Sweaters of Fine Maco Yarn,**  
Colors, white, blue, black, gray or tan. Sweaters fully worth 75 cts.  
**Whitman's Price, 50 cents.**

**Men's Medium & Light Weight Underwear**  
in balbriggan or Merino, sold last season at \$1.50 per suit, this season they go at **Whitman's Price, \$1.00 per suit.**

See us before you buy, and you can convince yourself that we always sell the same goods for less money, or better goods for the same money, than any other firm.

**WHITMAN,**  
Prince of Bargain Givers, MASSILLON, OHIO.

75 cent Overalls at Whitmans for 50 Cents.

OUR METHOD: Entire Satisfaction or Money Refunded.







# BOWSER'S NEW BIKE.

HE THINKS A LITTLE EXERCISE ON THE WHEEL WILL DO HIM GOOD.

And While Mrs. Bowser Sits in the Window and Views the Circus He Tries It On—Any One Who Wants a Bicycle Cheap Knows Where to Go.

(Copyright, 1905, by Charles R. Lewis.) The Bowsers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a big bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:

"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."

"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser, with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.

"You—you don't mean—"

"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."

"Have you bought a bicycle?"

"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."

"And you are going to ride it and make a show of yourself to your age?"

"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing which will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise. A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in a month."

"And you—you have bought a bicycle?"

"Gasp! Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment."

"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it? What is there to be surprised about?"

"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown up man who needed a guardian you are the one."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"

"Of course I am."

"Then you want to remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon, it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public has found it out yet."

"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."

"Yes, of course. It will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."

"And of course you'll lay it all to me."

"Lay it all to you! Lay what to you?"

Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things

in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of crying and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran up stairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy; then he looked anxious; then he appeared doubtful.

"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked up at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."

"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.

"For why?"

"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stappleder?"

"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stappleder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stappleder, I'll let you know. Here I go!"

He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes and, had figured on an easy thing. He made a spring for the saddle and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his back hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.

"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called Mrs. Bowser from the window.

"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser in reply as he slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.

"But you might have broken your neck."

"Josh! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two. A fall like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"

"Is it any harm to watch you?"

He didn't say. He lifted the bike up carefully examined it to see if it had hind test to kick with and then conducted it twice around the yard to get up a feeling of mutual confidence. He would have cheerfully given Mrs. Bowser \$10 to remove from the window, but as he knew she wouldn't, he made up for another way, and all of a sudden he landed for the pedals. A snarl of his jaw and pride started to flicker across his face, but before it had time to spread over two inches of surface Mr. Bowser wobbled to the east and wobbled to the west and went over with a great crash. He realized that the American continent was in the throes of an earthquake, and he yelled "Fire!" and "Police!" before he struck the earth. Then he knew no more for three minutes. When he opened his eyes and sat up and gazed around him, Mrs. Bowser was standing beside him. She had untasted his collar and untied his legs and sprinkled water on his face.

"This is all my doling, of course," she said as he finally became aware of her presence. "This is the last straw! Your lawyer will see my lawyer in the morning and arrange about the divorce and alimony!"

"Woman!" began Mr. Bowser as he got up like a cow with two broken legs; but

Mrs. Bowser had disappeared into the basement and there was nobody to talk to.

"FOR SALE.—Gentleman having no further use for bicycle of standard make and all the latest improvements will sell the same for one-third of first cost. Warranted as good as the day it came from the shop. Will cure dyspepsia, prevent consumption and make a new man of you in four weeks. Only those who mean business need call. Home after 5 o'clock p. m. Ring basement bell of 72 Blank street and ask for

"BOWSER."

SHE GOT DAMAGES.

She Spoke For Something Big but Gracefully Relented.

Up the street came a young colored woman, walking rapidly and shaking her head as if talking to herself, and right in front of the hotel she met a colored man who was "toting" a bag of potatoes on his shoulder. As they met she pushed the bag with such violence that it fell to the ground, and then setting the astonished man by the arm she exclaimed:

"I was dun lookin fur yo', Moses Saanderson, an' now I ze gwinna to make yo' heap of trouble."

"What's de mattah, Miss Johnson?" he gasped out as he held up his hands and stared at her.

"Yo' knows what's de mattah, sah, an' I don't yo' try to dodge around me! I want damages!"

"Damages? What fur yo' want damages? Why, Miss Johnson, how yo' talk!"

"Look heah, Moses," she said as she let go of his arm and fastened to his coat collar, "yo' dun co'ted me fur mos' a bull y'ar."

"Yes, dat's so. Yes, I dun co'ted yo' a long time."

"But yo' hain't co'tin me no mo'?"

"No, Miss Johnson. At de present time I was co'tin Miss Lizzie Davis."

"An' yo' has gone back on me fur Miss Lizzie?"

"Reckon I has; but we needn't hev no fuss 'bout it. Yo' is a powerful nice pussion, Miss Johnson, an' I shall allus hev de deepest respect fur yo'."

"But I want damages!" she persisted.

"I ze bin inguled to yo' an' don't grovud ober fur another gal. Yo' has got to pay me damages."

"Sartinly, Miss Johnson—sartinly," he calmly replied. "I has bin 'spectin to meet yo' fur de last two weeks an' pay yo' damages. When I trowed yo' ober fur Miss Lizzie I knowed I'd hev to pay damages. Heah's yo' money, an' I hope yo' won't oberish no hard feelin's."

He handed her a silver dollar, and after gazing at it for a long minute she heaved a sigh and said:

"De ole man said I orter git at least \$10, kase my heart am dun broke right in two, but bein yo' didn't make no fuss 'bout it, an' bein dat Mistah Perkins has bin co'tin me fur de last month an' has axed me to marry him, I'll let yo' off an' shake hands an' call it squar'."

And when they had shaken hands in a most hearty way she started for the nearest candy store and he shouldered his burden and trotted around the corner.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Few Incidents of Interest to the General Public.

HOME HAPPENINGS.—It gives us great pleasure to announce that old Sila Davis, the bear hunter, accidentally shot himself in the foot last week and will be laid up for several weeks and unable to come to town. As a bear hunter old Sila is a great success and deserving of all praise, but as a man he is about the toughest, meanest specimen we ever encountered. He has made us more trouble than all the bad men combined. He never comes to town without shooting eight or ten bullets into THE KICKER office, and on several occasions he has wounded people in the city hall while trying to wing the mayor. We have coaxed, bribed and threatened, but without avail, and it seems like an act of Providence that he has met with an accident which will keep him holed up in his cave and give him time for reflection. We hope and trust that it will be three long months before the pestiferous old critter is able to get out.

Among the improvements contemplated in this town this spring we may mention that the Black Eagle saloon is to be ex-

terminated 12 feet in the rear, and that decorations from Denver will paint several blue and gold angels on the ceiling. The bar will also be extended, and patrons will be allowed to pound on it with their guns to attract the attention of the bartenders. Six different men have been shot in this saloon within the past year, but in no single instance could any blame be attached to the general proprietor. While we were drinking a cocktail in the Empire saloon the other day Mr. Cadana informed us that he had ordered a pool and a billiard table from Chicago, and would have them here within a month. The only billiard table ever set up in this town was shot to pieces within an hour by a crowd who objected to innovations, but that was three years ago, and perhaps Mr. Cadana will be able to carry his enterprise to a success.

In returning from Lone Jack on our running mule the other night at 11 o'clock

some of Colonel Calvert's cowboys brought our trail at Dog Creek. The first we knew of their presence was when they opened fire on us from the bushes. As we gathered our mule in hand five horsemen dashed out after us, and they did not abandon the pursuit until they had run us two miles and fired over 50 shots. For three long years Colonel Calvert's cowboys have been after our scalp, and they ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves that they did not secure it long ago. We don't think much of either their marksmanship or their enterprise. If we were a cowboy and had been after an editor for three years without even wounding him, we think we'd go out of business.

On various occasions we have observed that the top shouldered, squint eyed critter whom by courtesy we have to speak of as our "esteemed contemporary" should be very careful how he fooled with a gun. We have publicly and personally given him lots of good advice on this subject, but being set in his ways he has refused to heed it. The other day he got into a row with Captain White and went home to get his gun. He should have hunted for a club or put a stone in a stocking for a weapon, but he lunged out an old revolver and started off to find the captain. He hadn't gone a block from his house when the thing began to shoot. Our esteemed looked for a shutoff or lever or handle, and not being able to find one he threw the pistol into the street. A bullet from it struck him in the calf of the leg, and a second wounded a valuable mule belonging to Judge Dray-

ton. As a matter of courtesy we offered the use of our presses and the services of our compositors to enable the critter to get out his last week's issue, but he was so put out and chagrined that he refused our offer and skipped the issue entirely. As his circulation is only 247 copies, and as he uses shoe pegs, carpet tacks and vest buttons along with his types, his subscribers will probably feel grateful instead of making any complaints. An editor who doesn't know all about a gun should use a crow-bar, pickax or club.

A year or so ago a friend of THE KICKER in the western part of the territory sent us a half grown cinnamon bear as a token of his affection. The bear has ever since been chained in the back yard, and various signs have warned the public to keep out of his reach. Wednesday last, when the fire occurred in rear of the postoffice, THE KICKER office was deserted for a few minutes. It so happened that old Tom Byers, who has been wanting a pop at us for several months, called just at that time to gratify his whim. Not finding us in, he decided to pop at our agricultural editor. That gentleman was not to be found, as was the case with our horse editor, and old Tom wandered into the composing room to pop a printer. Being disappointed all round, he went out to have fun with our bear. There was lots of fun lying around loose out there. The bear hadn't got hold of anybody for two weeks, and he welcomed the coming of the old man as a break in the monotony. When he got back to the office, we found pieces of leather and buckskin scattered all over the back yard, and just out of reach of the bear was old Tom. He hadn't as much as a collar on him, and he had been clawed and scratched and hugged and bitten until his own mother couldn't recognize him. The doctor says it will be three or four months before he can get out again, but that the experience will thoroughly cure him of his desire to interfere with the freedom of the press.

M. QUAD.

"Auntie Pat."

Not on Compulsion.

"Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, "how do you think I look in my new gown?"

"All right, I presume," replied Mr. McSwat, absorbed in his newspaper.

"I asked you how you thought I looked in my new gown," said Mrs. McSwat, after waiting a few moments.

"I said all right, didn't I?"

There was another pause.

"But you haven't looked at me at all. I think you're as mean as you can be!"

"Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, throwing aside his newspaper, "if you hadn't been in such a hurry I would have said you looked lovely, charming, beautiful, sweet, adorable, matchless and altogether unapproachable, but you must let it come as a voluntary testimonial. I won't be held up for compliments. See you later."

And he picked up his paper again.—Chicago Tribune.

Signatures on Checks.

Lawyer.—Is that your signature on the back of this check?

Merchant.—I don't know, sir. It may be.

"Does it look like your signature?"

"Not a particle."

"Doesn't it bear the least resemblance to your signature?"

"Not the least."

"Then why do you think it may be your signature? Tell me that."

"I might have written it with a bank pen."—New York Weekly.

A Related Beggar.

Bellorini lives near a railway station. One night he was awakened by repeated knocking at the front door. He went to the window and asked who was there.

"Kindly bestow a trifle on a poor man," replied a voice in honeyed tones.

"What?" snarled Bellorini, greatly annoyed. "You come asking alms at this hour of the night?"

"Ah, pardon me. I have only just arrived by the express."—Motto per Ridere.

Doubted His Word.

What makes you so late tonight, dear?

Husband (with indignation)—I've been arrested.

Wife—Arrested?

Husband—Yes. I bought an umbrella today and marked on it "Stolen from H. Smirk." The first policeman I met arrested me. I told him my name was Smirk, but he wouldn't believe me.—Tit-Bits.

Uncle Allen at the Theater.

"There's always room at the top," of course," said Uncle Allen Sparks, craning his neck, "but I don't think it's the fair thing for this young woman in front of me to try to occupy all of it with her hat."

Chicago Tribune.

THE RELIGION OF JAPAN.

SHINTOISM RESPONSIBLE FOR JAPANESE LIBERALITY.

The National Religion Harmonizes Something With Western Thought—The Spirit of Tolerance—Not Regularly Established Until 1868.

A Japanese gentleman not long ago visited a drug store on the Third avenue, in this city, and asked for a postage stamp. The stamp was duly supplied by the head of the drug store, who, wishing to be pleasant and agreeable to the foreigner, said, "Well, sir, which do you like better, America or China?"

The Japanese gentleman indignantly replied: "May I suggest, sir, that it is your business to sell drugs and stamps, and that you should confine yourself to these duties? I am not a Chinaman, but a native of Japan, and it is a mark of your ignorance of geography that you do not know the difference."

Without apologizing for the rudeness of the gentleman of Japan, we venture to remark that western people, even the most educated among us, do not seem to carefully distinguish between Japan and China.

The Japanese have always regarded themselves as far in advance in civilization, and there is nothing which offends the native of the island of Japan more than to be taken for a Chinaman.

Very much of the liberal attitude of the people of Japan toward western thought and custom arises from the fact that its national religion is Shintoism.

Most people imagine that Buddhism is the religion of Japan, and consequently the national cult of Shintoism is a religious belief which until the last 80 years had never been heard of in the western world.

For centuries Japan was a terra incognita to the rest of humanity, although its history dates from 660 B. C., when Jimmer Tenno was king, and Shintoism was his creed. Buddhism was not introduced into Japan until 550 of the Christian era, when it came from India by way of Korea.

The term Shinto is of Chinese origin and is expressed by the almost unpronounceable Japanese word of Kami-nomichi, the meaning of both words being "the way of the spirits." The essential principle of Shintoism is a combination of ancestor worship and nature worship, and it would seem that the latter of these elements is largely due to the contact of Japan with the Taoism of China. Shintoism is therefore the veneration of the country's heroes and benefactors of every age, legendary, historical, ancient and modern.

The essential feature of Shintoism is its liberal attitude toward other religious beliefs, and when Buddhism was brought into the country the priests of the ancient belief extended the right hand of fellowship toward its missionaries. But the same liberality has not always been returned by the clergy of Buddhism, and not very long ago one of the great temples at Tokyo was burned by the Buddhists to prevent its falling into the hands of the Shinto priests.

Shintoism has been equally liberal toward modern Protestant missionaries, for before the Church of England edifice at Tokyo, now known as St. Andrew's church, was built the present Shinto government lent one of the Shinto temples for Church of England services. Whenever opposition to Christianity has arisen it has come from the old nobility, who are opposed to all change and are zealous supporters of Buddhism.

Although Shintoism has been the ancient religion of Japan for more than 24 centuries, it had never been declared the "established religion" of Japan until the year 1868, when for reasons wholly political it became the established religion of the country. A grant of \$300,000 a year was made for the maintenance of the Shinto temples and shrines, which are said to be somewhere about 100,000 in number.

The Buddhism of Japan had been exceedingly aggressive and had almost subverted the ancient system of Shintoism, but now when a child is born it is taken by its parents either to a Shinto or a Buddhist temple for dedication. Funerals are now conducted by either Shinto or Buddhist priests, as the relatives may prefer.

The first great god of the Shintos is Mingo no Mikoto, the remote ancestor of the priest mikado, who is said to have been descended from the god and goddess of the sun. The mikado is known among the Japanese as Tenshi, or the son of heaven, on account of his celestial descent, the title of mikado meaning very much the same as the sublime porte of the Ottomans—namely, "the presence," an expression so common in oriental lands for exalted personages. It is said that when the goddess of the sun made the mikado's remote ancestor (Mingo) sovereign of Japan she delivered to him "the way of the gods" and decreed that his dynasty should be as immovable as the sun and the moon; hence the need for making Shintoism the established religion. She also gave him a mirror as a sacred emblem, saying, "Look upon this mirror as my spirit, keep it in the same house and upon the same floor with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshipping my actual presence." The story is that this sacred mirror is still in the Shinto temple of Naika, at Yamada, although it has never been seen by a western traveler.

The rites of Shintoism for many years occupied a conspicuous place in the rules of the court of Japan, and there are ten sections of the sacred book known as the "Yengi Shiki" devoted to court ceremonies. It must be understood that, according to Shinto belief, the great incarnate god is the mikado himself, but the gods of Shintoism are numbered by thousands.—Thomas P. Hughes in New York Sun.

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